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THE MUSSULMAN.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND PALESTINE."

———— "the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride." *Bride of Abydos.*

"And indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my after rumination wraps me, is a most humourous sadness."
As You Like It.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE MUSSULMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Let not a man perform such an act hastily: want of circumspection is a great cause of danger; wealth pays homage, even voluntarily, to a man who does the deed with caution.

VISHNUSARMAN.

THE chief executioner of Smyrna was one of the most amiable of men, and best of Moslems. As Yussuf very properly remarked of the exemplary coolness of his manner, it was truly admirable. Whether he had one wretch to decapitate, or ten, it made no difference in the land-tortoise dignity of his pace; whether he had to bow-string a grandee, or simply to cut

the throat of a rayah, it was done with the same gentlemanly, flint-faced apathy. One morning he was sailing along the bazaar at the customary rate of half a knot an hour, when his son-in-law made his appearance. "This is rather a busy morning with me, Yussuf," said the executioner: "I have no time to lose; go and order that Caffigibashi to bring me a a cup of coffee and a pipe. I have two to kill this morning—they are only Christians; but after dinner I have one of your corps to bow-string privately. I am generally" (continued the worthy functionary, yawning a little) "rather fatigued after the latter operation. I have a mind to let you try your hand on one of the rayahs, but I fear you would make a bungling business of it."

"O honoured father!" exclaimed Yussuf, "by your bright sword I implore you, by your powerful arm I conjure you, try my skill; if I dispatch not the infidel to your satisfaction, never give me the cutting off of another head."

"Well! be it so, my son," replied the executioner; "but I still fear your well-meant

zeal may shake your nerves. I will lay down a few rules, as we go along, for the regulation of your future official life; for one day or another you may expect to step into my place."

"Min Allah!" cried Yussuf, in a sorrowful tone of voice, "heaven forbid I should ever see the day of your death. Allah defend me from wishing for any station, however exalted it may be, which is only to be reached by passing over the grave of my dear father!"

"Well! well!" said the executioner, (with some little impatience,) "I was not talking of graves, I was only speaking to you of cutting off heads. Listen to me, young man, with the attention which the importance of my words demands, if ever you hope to attain the high post of an executioner. On the knowledge of the ten following great principles of our profession, your future respectability depends.

"In the first place. An executioner has a right to expect annual presents from every one who holds an office from the Sultan, except the Mufti, who is beyond the jurisdiction of the sword.

"Secondly. The compliment should be

always paid a criminal of rank, of asking him the night previous to his execution, how he would wish the operation performed? If he have one piastre left in the world, he will understand you.

" Thirdly. The temper of an executioner shows the greatness or the littleness of his soul, more than is commonly imagined. Passion is the vice of our profession; pity is a less prevailing weakness, but both are to be avoided.

" Fourthly. Apathy is not more commendable in a headsman than a decorous taciturnity. He has nothing to do with the crime of the man he has to kill, neither should he ever inquire what it is. The rank of the culprit is all he ought to know; a Pacha of three tails expects a sharper sword than one of two, and if he be rich, he may as well be gratified.

" Fifthly. An executioner who has any sense of religion, should never think of chopping off a head without repeating the Bismillah; he should not even tie his own wife (if she be a bad one) in a sack, without doing it ' in the name of the most merciful God.'

" Sixthly. As coolness is the first accom-

plishment of the headsman, so is dexterity the first of virtues on the scaffold.

" Seventhly. The skill of the functionary being of more importance than his strength, it behoves the young performer first to try his hand on pumpkins, then to practice on rayahs, especially Jews, and lastly, to perfect himself on porters and Armenian bankers.

" Eighthly. Before the operator throws the culprit on his knees, he should try the edge of the scymitar on his nails; having previously borne in mind that the haft cannot be too heavy, the blade too short, nor too little curved.

" Ninthly. When he strikes he should strike home; he is a bungler who gives the second blow. No unnecessary flourishing of the weapon in the air is to be endured. You have marked the velocity of my motion forward and backward; no more is needed.

" Tenthly. It is beneath the dignity of a chief executioner to kick the fallen head even of a Christian: the trouble of spitting on the lifeless trunk of an infidel is too much. The women and the rabble will not fail to do both, and, while they are doing so, wipe your red

sword on the garments of the dead man, but never in the skirts of your own jebbée, as the common headsmen do."

"O honoured father!" exclaimed Yussuf, "what excellent counsel is this, flowing as it does from the fulness of experience, from the depths of wisdom. How can I ever venerate sufficiently your benign beard! A thousand blessings on it, for the favour conferred on my soul this morning. How my heart pants for the happy moment! how my hand itches for the bright sword!"

It was with difficulty the worthy executioner could restrain the ardour of his young disciple's transports, as they approached the place of execution.

"O father! could you not let me kill both," cried Yussuf; "if I do the first business to your satisfaction, you might as well grant me the favour of suffering me to slay the second unbeliever, (cursed be his father's beard!)"

"Ah, my son," replied the executioner, "did I not warn you against the common foible of our profession, that of getting into a passion with the victim, even before he is beheld.

You are likewise too impatient I told you never to be flurried when you approached the place of execution; and yet the moment we arrive at it, your eyes are gleaming like two red suns when the wind is coming from the east, and your fingers are playing with your own neck as if it was that of your mortal enemy."

"Excuse me father," said Yussuf; "I confess I was somewhat absent—I was thinking of Mourad. Trust to my discretion; I will endeavour to behave as becomes the son-in-law of the chief executioner."

By this time they had reached "the place of blood," where a numerous crowd of the true believers, of both sexes, were assembled to enjoy the spectacle of two unbelievers being put to death.

The guilt, moreover, of the culprits was of that appalling nature, that put all sympathy aside, and rendered the exultation of the fair spectators especially, more loud than usual.

The crime of the rayahs was blasphemy; they had been heard, in a fit of drunkenness, talking irreverently of the sacred Sanjak; reviling both the prophet and the remnant of the

unmentionables, which forms the banner of the faithful.

The two culprits had in vain protested their innocence before the Cadi; a single voice, and that of a disreputable man, but a Moslem, prevailed against their lives. Yussuf took his station; the culprits were not yet on the spot, but they were seen at no great distance, two of the executioner's servants to each, running the pale wretch along at a quick pace, and then dragging him by the girdle, as he shrunk at his approach to the place of terror. Each had his head uncovered, and his neck bared; and as Yussuf, regardless of the injunctions of his father-in-law, brandished the naked scymitar before the eyes of the appalled victims, each palpitating wretch stammered out the futile word, "Imaun, Imaun!" It is said, the drowning grasp at straws; it may be so—we have heard dying wretches ask "mercy" of a Moslem.

There was a deep glow on the cheek of the young executioner, as he bared his right arm; his heart beat high; he had already entwined his fingers in the tufted hair of one of his victims, his soul was almost satisfied, when sud-

denly the trembling wretch cried in a loud voice, "Allah illah! allah, akbar Mahomet rasur allah!—There is no God but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!—I desire to embrace the true religion!" The other infidel repeated the same words.

The sword of Yussuf was uplifted when he heard these dreadful words; the fury of a demon raged in his regard, at the probability of being robbed of his victim. "Down on your knees, dog of an unbeliever," he exclaimed; "down, cursed infidel, when I tell you;" and with these words, pushing the resisting criminal on his knees, he was in the act of striking the fatal blow, when there was a general buzz amongst the rabble, and then a loud cry of "Stop! stop!—they have made the profession of faith! they have become true believers! away with them to the governor, to know his pleasure!"

Yussuf was hustled about in the most unceremonious way possible; the rabble rushed in on all sides, tore the rayah, already half dead with terror, from the gripe of the enraged headsman, and dragged both him and his com-

panion before the governor; where, after a conference with the Cadi, the recantation of both culprits was received, and both were pardoned.

We will leave the gentle reader to imagine the disappointment of Yussuf, his fury at the reprieve, and his vexation at the reprimand of the chief executioner, for his intemperate conduct.

He returned home with more rapid strides than became the dignity of a Mussulman; not so much for any consolation his domestic felicity could afford, as to vent his spleen on the devoted heads of his household!

CHAPTER II.

What causes the variance which I find between me and my cousin Malec, who retires at my approach, and flees to a distance?

TARAFA.

YUSSUF had been a pattern of amiability to all good husbands during the honeymoon, and even for some weeks subsequent to that happy period. Zarafat had likewise been a beautiful example of gentleness and dutiful behaviour to all new-married ladies for as long a time. But honey-moons in all countries are of short duration, but more especially in Turkey, where four may occur in the fourth part of a lunar month, in the same establishment. Nothing could be more complete than the domestic felicity of Yussuf and his spouse for the delightful period

alluded to, and both wondered how it was possible for other married folks to live otherwise than they did.

But Yussuf at length found it necessary to attend to his affairs in the world. Hitherto all his business had been in the harem, and now, in his interchange with Janissaries, Chiaouses, deputy executioners, and the deputy lieutenants, he not unfrequently had annoyances and vexations, jealousies and intrigues to contend with, which, of course, ought only to have soured his public temper, but by no means have spoiled his private one. Yet it so happened, that he very often returned home to his harem more silent than usual. By degrees he became sulky, then morose; the next week imperious; in another passionate; a little later abusive, and eventually brutal. Zarafat, on the other hand, grew tired of a fortnight's confinement in the harem; she first asked permission to visit her mother and sisters; she next visited all her female friends without it. She found that one had a brocaded férigee far superior to any of her's, and another a cachemere shawl of more value than the whole of her collection. She

began to suspect she was married to a poor man.

Her mother asked her why she did not go to the bath, like other ladies, once a week; her sister inquired why she did not ride in a gilt coach, drawn by beautiful oxen, like the wife of a Stamboul Effendi. Zarafat began to imagine her lord was her gaoler. Her slave demanded of her why master spoke so cross at home? The mistress began to feel how delightful it was to go abroad. Her husband grew neglectful—her affection did not increase; he became indifferent—her love diminished. He railed at her extravagance—she despised him for his avarice; he toyed with her handmaids—she hated him for his bad taste.

This was the state of things twelve months after marriage; but still they were a very respectable couple, and might have continued the admiration of the married world, and the envy of the surrounding single population, had it pleased heaven to have blessed them with the prospect of a family. But, alas! the only link which might have held the broken chain of domestic happiness together was wanting.

At the outset, Yussuf was not sorry to be spared the expense of bringing up a family. The foolish fellow knew not how many a divorce is prevented by the appearance of a little squalling brat; how many a cold couple, paired, not matched, are kept in apposition at the same fire side, by the loadstone of the domestic hearth, a smiling infant. But in course of time, Yussuf altered his opinion, at least he reproached his better half with their common misfortune; and Zarafat was no woman to bear the dishonourable stigma with "the patient endurance of suffering" for which asses are remarkable; she repelled the insult—she reviled the man—and finished by a recrimination. It was on this very occasion that one of those awful breaches was made in the fortress of conjugal felicity, which looks wide enough to let a legion of discordant demons into the very heart of the building. But it is astonishing how much thunder it takes to demolish the façade of the structure, long after the foundations have been shaken to their centre.

Yussuf, through some unaccountable mismanagement, had failed to inspire his wife with

that salutary terror which every virtuous wife ought to feel in the presence of her lord and master. There never was a Turkish gentleman more inclined to carry a high hand in his harem, than Yussuf; nor was there ever a thorough Turk more ambitious of being a tyrant in his house, and yet he was unable to manifest more, even in his own harem, than the subdued ferocity of a half-tamed tiger. It was only on the male part of his establishment that he was at liberty to vent the rage which such an event might excite, as his late disappointment at the reprieve of the two rayahs.

It was the more extraordinary that Yussuf should not have been able to have kept his wife in awe, being, like most sons of provincial Agas, a despot from his cradle, and possessing those physical advantages of a robust frame, and commanding figure, which Oriental women look on as the manifestation of moral attributes. Neither was Zarafat an ill-tempered wife, nor a haughty woman; she was naturally too indolent to be irascible; but the enjoyment of her indolence arose from a state of muscular repose, not mental. She was a shrewd sort of person,

had clear ideas on common subjects, strong notions of right and wrong, and an unalterable resolution at the service of her opinions. To these qualities was united an hereditary apathy, one of the leading characteristics of high rank in Turkey, as well as in every other country; and this rendered her less alive to the ordinary annoyances of life than other women, and gave her a real advantage over them. But what gave her a decided ascendancy over Yussuf, was her knowledge of his dependency on her father, and the ambition of his soul to succeed the chief executioner in his high office. That his wife had this ascendancy over his spirit he well knew, but how it had been acquired he could not discover He thought he had not held the reins of household government with a sufficiently tight hand; he therefore determined on changing his system, and in the event of resistance, of subduing it by an awful demonstration of male supremacy. He took occasion, one evening, to enter into conversation on rather a sore subject with his sultana.

"I have been thinking, Zarafat," said he, "how our faces are laughed at by all our neigh-

bours; only yesterday I heard two women speaking at a shop in the Bezesteen, one said, 'Do you mean Zarafat, the daughter of the executioner? O poor thing! I am afraid she never will have any honour in her harem—no favour in the sight of her good lord. Poor thing! I fear she will never have any family.' Then said the other, 'It is not her I pity, it is the poor effendi, her husband.' 'But why,' replied the first speaker, do they not bring her to the Hakkim of the Christians? He is a Frangi, it is true, an English infidel; I spit on all his race, but still he does great things; I have myself been under his hands. You have seen my beautiful twins; I had only two little pills—nothing more, I assure you. He has a houseful of little infidels himself. I think people call him Hakkim Lark, or Clark, or some such outlandish name.' "

"And what did you say to all that?" said Zarafat.

"I said nothing," replied Yussuf, "but resolved to send you to the Hakkim."

"I think you would do well to accompany me," said the fair one; "you have not been

looking well for some time, Yussuf, perhaps the Hakkim might have some pills that would restore you to health."

"You shall go alone," said Yussuf, in a high tone; "I have said it."

"Lokman," replied the wife, "said many words; he was a wise man, but he never spoke in a loud voice. Since 'you have said it,' of of course it is written in the book of fate, and I suppose I must obey."

"You shall, woman!" exclaimed Yussuf. "Staffer, allah!—is this my own house?—do I see my own right hand?—have I a wife, and whose servant is she? If I bid my slave leap from the summit of the house to the bottom of the sea, shall she refuse? Staffer, allah! Am I a man, or am I not?—have I a beard, or am I as a Giaour?—have I no respect in my own house, or am I as the poor friend, who takes the humble place in the divan? Allah Akbar! is this to be endured? If I be your husband, where is my honour? if I be your lord, where is my respect? if I be your master, where is my authority? Are you not my goods, my 'garden,'

as the blessed apostle saith? my purchased wife, my household property? and have I not paid your price? Allah Illah! there is rebellion in the harem, a revolution in my house; 'the lord of the creation' is scoffed at by a woman—the master of his slaves is spat on by the menials—the proprietor of the house is sneezed at by the key-hole—the owner of the garden is kept in subjection by a grub. Allah hu! These are not the last words of the Muezzen; if those be not the signs of the end of the world. The order of nature is broken up, the customs of the land are despised, the law of God is set at nought!

"But, Inshallah, there shall be an alteration; 'if it please God' the order of nature shall be restored in the harem, the rebels shall be put down, the disaffected and the disobedient shall be chastised! Ha! am I not the son of the Aga of Bournarbashi—who should I be afraid of? Is not the rich and powerful Suleiman my father? why should I not speak out in my own house—Mahomet, rasour Allah! whose filthy words have been thrown in my teeth; whose dog is it has barked at me on my own threshold? what fool is it has forgotten a husband's hands,

has mocked the Cadi, and made a jest of the Courbash? Do you smile at the lash? Is it unlawful? Has the apostle (blessed be his name!) given the dimensions of the stick proper for the punishment of a refractory wife, or has he not? Has not 'the perspicuous book' one blessed chapter, taken up with the subject of divorce; and is there nothing in the sacred volume about putting a bad wife to death? Have you never seen a sack (and not an empty one) floating in yonder harbour? and have you still dreamt your life was as the Mufti's, beyond the reach of human justice? Fool! fool! whose daughter are you, to think yourself privileged to abuse my goodness?"

Yussuf stopped to draw breath; he frowned most awfully, and he strutted about the room making a tremendous clatter with his heavy-heeled boots, to keep up the effect of his harangue, like a bantling cock retiring from a contest, lifting either leg to the greatest possible height, and then tramping it down with a violence becoming the dignity of its anger. It was evident to Zarafat, that her lord had been acting a great part, that he was proud

of his performance, but still doubtful of its success: and, like a cunning critic, during the whole piece she preserved a provoking silence infinitely more galling than any moderate expression of disappointment or displeasure. Even after he ceased speaking and was perambulating the apartment with more immeasurable steps than ever Moslem took before, she sat immoveable and silent, reclining on the divan and gazing on a pearl handled mirror, which was placed on one of the highest cushions beside her. At length slowly taking her eyes off the mirror, the slothful ramblers travelled round the room at the pace of a tortoise: they finally reached their destination, and having made a voyage of discovery from head to foot, they reposed at last on the white lips and quivering jaws of her enraged lord. He perceived she was about to speak, and he was summoning all his courage to sustain the shock, when, oh! most lame and impotent conclusion of a domestic quarrel, the only words that met his ear were, "Well, Yussuf, is that all?"— O ye hen-pecked lords of the creation in every

corner of the habitable globe! ye brow-beaten superiors of the earth, in every gloomy parlour of Franguestan! ye spirit-broken masters of fiery-tempered mistresses in every suburb of the world! if household fury have not consumed every spark of pity in your breast; if the shrill voice of 'multifarious' wrath have not drowned the feeble cries of male lamentation on the earth, O listen with a compassionate ear to the sorrows of a poor young husband!

Had Yussuf been felled to the earth by a single blow of the governor's tob, he could not have been more astonished than he was at the one brief question which had just been put to him. He was prepared for a torrent of abuse, but had no armour for the mind proof against the needle-pointed arrow of contempt. He had even less moral courage than the generality of his countrymen. No injured husband ever more heartily desired the sanction of the Cadi to take the law into his hands, and no pusillanimous scoundrel ever thought less of the atrocity of a helpless woman's murder, or more of the consequences of forfeiting the friendship of an

exalted wife's family. Zarafat was well aware of the fact: knowledge, they say, is power, and most certainly she wielded her advantage with a despotic hand.

Yussuf, in the meantime, having made the circuit of the room a dozen times without a halt, now stood stock still about ten paces from his wife, drawn up in battle array, one hand on his pipe-stick, the other on his pistol.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, (but at the same time tremulous with rage,) "it is not all: provoke me no further, or by ——"

Instead of finishing his oath he put his finger on the trigger of the pistol, but without withdrawing it from his girdle, and at the same time advanced a few paces towards the object of his wrath, but with an irresolute step.

His motions were well observed by Zarafat, but she betrayed no fear: pistols are not such frightful objects to Oriental ladies as they are to Christian ones: they are too much accustomed to their sight, too conscious of their being harmless in their husbands' hands: they dare not use them, though they be inclined; and if they be

mad enough to attempt an act whose punishment is death, the badness of their aim is always a security, as no Moslem ever fires without turning away his head.

It was evident Yussuf was aware he had gone too far: he would have given his Damascus blade for a respectable retreat; but no opportunity was afforded, the enemy occupied the high ground of cool indifference, of calm dignity, and her hand, moreover, was placed on the edge of the window shutter ready, at a moment's notice, to tear it open: and her head was inclined in the same direction, The janissary guard had a station on the opposite side of the street, and a scream or two would have sufficed to have brought a whole company into the house.

Yussuf took his fingers from his pistol—he held his pipe by the mouth-piece instead of the middle. He asked his wife if she had been smoking haskis—if she had gone mad; and his wife asked him if he had been amongst the Theriakis, had chewed opium, and become intoxicated.

Any sort of invective like his own was a consolation to his heart: he still waxed wrath, but

he thought he might compromise his choler; and since the threat of personal violence had failed of producing the effect he expected, he resolved to try what a sudden ebullition of rage would do on inanimate objects, as a last resource. Once more he elevated his voice, his face looked bigger than the Sultan's, he stamped on the floor, he struck a little slave who had the misfortune to enter the apartment; he gazed all around for some trinket of his wife's on which to vent his fury. At last, the pearl-handled mirror, which lay on the divan, caught his eye; he knew how much his lady prized it: he seized hold of it, dashed it to the ground, and trampled it under foot.

Zarafat now thought it high time to be furious in return. She very quietly divested herself of a rich caftan lined with ermine, which was thrown over her shoulders, she took off her gold bracelets, then her necklace, deposited them safely under the cushion, and then stood up. All this was done without the least flurry. She advanced towards Yussuf, who was standing at the opposite window, with a slow step and an awful countenance. Yussuf,

of course, showed no outward sign of terror; but the glare of the strong sun was annoying to his eyes; he walked from the window as his wife approached, he went in the direction of the door, but he scorned to go out. Alas! he could not: the slow step of the lady had become a gallop: she rushed with the velocity of lightning to the door, seized on the person of her lord, yelled like a fury, clawed like a wild cat, hissed like a serpent, and imitated that reptile in emitting venom on its victim—she spat on her lord's beard! The assailed was more than ever confounded at the indignity, but his consternation was complete, when the magnificent amber mouth-piece of his pipe was wrenched from his hand, and dashed to atoms on the floor.

Hitherto Yusuf was acting solely on the defensive! to save his visage from the ten claws of the fury was all he aimed at; but here, at a single impulse of phrenzy, to see three hundred piastres worth of amber and enamelled gold smashed before his eyes, it was too much for flesh and blood to endure. He lifted his pipe-stick, and endeavoured to push the fury off; he did

his best to disengage his arms, but he now found a second assailant behind him, in the person of the little black slave now clinging to his throat, now retreating from his blows, then harassing him in the rear, then pulling his turban over his eyes, and clawing the back of his neck in a most pitiable manner.

Zarafat, in the mean time, relaxed not an instant in the assault. While the slave kept the turban pulled over the adversary's eyes, she availed herself of his blindness to seize his pistols and throw them down the stairs. Then were her yells and those of her ally redoubled, while the latter contrived to encumber his arms with a silk sash of several yards length, which served for a ceinture, while the former kept scoring his unfortunate features with her sharp nails, as if he had been a Dongola negro, whose cheeks were to be laid open to show the name and number of his tribe: never was a poor husband's spirit so subdued. If there was any thing in the world that Yussuf was more choice of than another, it was his face. His assailant well knew this, and like the Roman General who bade his army send their arrows at the

faces of their effeminate foes, rather than at their bodies, she confined her attack to the features of her self-loved lord. All this time there was no intermission in her screams; during the whole engagement her shrieks formed a continuous war-whoop, which had the double effect of frighting the neighbourhood from its propriety, and rendering the confusion of the enemy more confounded. In this Zarafat showed her vast knowledge of human nature generally, and of her husband's temperament in particular. She well knew, in peace "there's nothing so becomes a man (or even a woman) as mildness and humility;" but in a quarrel with a female fury, or a male coward, (their sentiments are similar,) vituperation is essential to victory. Half the number of hard knocks suffice to vanquish a virago, or to pacify a poltroon, when duly accompanied with a fine, overwhelming torrent of invective.

Yussuf, indeed, roared at the beginning of the fray to the very "top of his compass;" and the very strength of his lungs might have carried the day, had he had the moral courage to have continued the thunder. But the peal be-

came fainter and fainter every minute, and then down rushed the overwhelming cloud of woman's wrath, and, breaking on the head of a devoted husband, let loose a howling hurricane, and silenced the great guns of male resentment.

O gentle ladies! though Bellona is not your favourite deity, be not impatient at the description of her domestic worship; though brawls and battles are too horrible for your tender eyes to witness or to read of, still deign to listen to the recital of this conjugal shock of arms. Your time is well bestowed, if you only learn, that your sex is not so defenceless as you think; and that those who have the hearts to assault you, have also heads to be confounded by the deafening sounds of long-enduring screams. Albeit, you have no Turks of husbands to "out-herod," with the "stridor clangor que" of your tongues; yet, peradventure, you have an overbearing lover, who dreams of "out-doing termagant," to outface in fury; or a vixen of a maid, who mumbles in the passages, to overwhelm with your "most sweet voices."

Poor Yussuf was engaged in a combat, where victory confers no honour, but where defeat entails disgrace. He had evidently the worst of the battle, and eventually must have been worsted; but luckily, an officious friend, who had been listening to the shrieks and exclamations of all parties, below stairs, now made his appearance, and very kindly interfered. Poor good man, he little dreamt of the consequences! Yussuf called him a scoundrel, for intruding into his harem; and Zarafat called him a kafir, for taking her nails out of her lord's visage.

They were both beginning to feel the unreasonableness of their wrath; they now beheld in the mediator a fitting object for resentment; they fell on him tooth and nail, by a simultaneous impulse, and literally thrashed him from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

The combatants stood panting on the landing-place: a momentary truce was the issue of their solemn silence; they breathed, they gazed on one another, without speaking a word. The husband untwisted the turban from his neck, which had nearly strangled him; the wife ga-

thered up the flitters of her ferigee, in which her ankles were entangled; and then returned to the apartment without a word.

The lady threw herself on the divan, clapped her hands for her slave to fetch a refreshing draught of sherbet, while the Effendi wiped his lacerated visage with his handkerchief, and withdrawing the white napkin, beheld its "silver" tissue "laced" with his gory blood. He held it to his wife, and asked her if it was well done—if she knew or cared what the Cadi would say to his complaint, when he gazed on the evidence of her murderous attempt on his life?—and finished his expostulation, by demanding if she were the daughter of the Shitan, to act as she had done?

"Hearkee, my good husband," said Zarafat, in her ordinary tranquil tone, "I have two words to say, which will terminate our quarrel, or your stay in Smyrna. The devil is not my father, as you suppose; I am the daughter of the chief executioner, whose firman is fate; I am the niece of the Cadi, whose word is law."

Yussuf begged the slave he had beaten a few minutes before, to bring him a draught of cold water; his voice was unusually mild and gentle. He made no reply to the last observation of his lady; it was perhaps too trifling; it might have been a "poser;" or if not, it must have been something too unintelligible to be answerable.

However, Yussuf all at once became the most rational Moslem, and the most reasonable husband in the world. After allaying his thirst in the most courteous manner, he pushed the vessel towards his amiable partner, and asked her, in one of his gentlest under-growls, why she did not drink? This was the first step to an eclaircissement; the second was turning his back on his better half, presenting his hand for salutation, which was not refused; the third was throwing a twelve piastre piece in his lady's lap, to purchase a looking glass.

The reconciliation was complete. Yussuf acted the part of a sensible Turk—of one who had been defeated. He had been insolent, he had met with a rebuff, and he was submissive.

He had talked big, his tone had been lowered; he praised God it was no worse, and was grateful to his victor. In short, he became what nine-tenths of his countrymen would have become in the hour of adversity—meek and manageable.

CHAPTER III.

The Grecian isles might well delight
The passing stranger's wandering sight;
There Scio looked as lovely still,
As if she'd never suffer'd ill.
The hills of Crete as brightly green,
As ere the work of blood had been;
Ipsâras silent shore as fair,
As if she'd never known despair;
Nor own'd a soil, the scene of slaughter,
Nor mourn'd a murder'd son or daughter.

THE BARBARESQUE.

IN the gaily painted poop of an Arab skatoor, sat a wearied looking passenger, who had lately come on board. He had prevailed on the captain to alter his intended course, and to land him in Canea, one of the principal towns in Candia. The wind was not very favourable at their departure from Tenedos, and all the early

part of the night they were kept in sight of the line of coast which bounds the plain of Troy.

"That shore," Effendi, said a Greek sailor, addressing the Turkish passenger, "as silent as it now is, was once full of life, and was celebrated all over the world. A greater city than Stamboul stood there; a busier town than Scanderia spread its population at the foot of that far-famed promontory. The names of Sigeum and Rheteum are well known to our people, and yon desolate line of coast, which sinks into the land between the two capes, was once thronged with the gallies of my country, but now is seldom visited even by the fisherman's caique. I never see that noble promontory, stretching towards the mountains of my own Thrace, that I do not think of the Greek fleet which it is said to have sheltered; and I never see the tomb upon it, that I do not remember, that the greatest hero that ever lived was my countryman, a Greek, let me tell you, Effendi. To the north of that promontory, you may see, though indistinctly, some dark masses of building scattered here and there; they are

not minarets, for there are none left to answer the muezzin's call; they are the ruins of Chiblak: are you startled at the name, Effendi? I know that jibbering ghosts and shrieking gouls are said to haunt the ancient tombs, but I never saw them; perhaps you have seen or heard something about them?"

"I have heard fools," said the passenger, "talk of things they knew not, and of things that were not worth knowing. What signifies it to you or to me, whether it is a Moslem or a Greek who sleeps in yonder tomb; or whether it was an Albanian or a Turk who was the greatest soldier of his day thousands of years ago? Allah! Illah! this is not talking like a wise man."

"I was going to tell you, Effendi," replied the Greek, "that the ruins of that Chiblak are the remains of a great city, founded by the famous Scander; and I was going to remark, that he conquered the world, and was likewise a Greek. But you interrupted me, and ridiculed my words. Yes, Effendi, you smiled when I told you that the ancestors of a rayah were the heroes of ancient times—the conquerors

of the universe. My noble ancestors, Effendi, were——"

"Robbers," exclaimed the passenger, "plunderers, and cut-throats. A fig for your noble ancestors. How many thousand years have your noble ancestors been dead? How many feet of land are left your noble ancestors' rotten bones, of all their territories? How many paras, pray, have you inherited from these noble ancestors of yours? When you have been called on for the harach, the price of your head, have your noble ancestors risen from their graves to pay it? When an avamieh has been put upon your property, have your noble ancestors redeemed the substance of your souls? When you have been deservedly bastinadoed for your knavery, have your noble-minded ancestors stepped into your gyves, and had their heroic feet flogged into a jelly for your sakes? A fig for your old ancestors; one living father if he be a good, but above all, a rich one, is worth a thousand dead ones. A fig, then, I say, for these dead forefathers of yours, who have no reward for your affection but the remembrance of a paltry name, aggran-

dized by a privileged liar,—I mean a poet,—whose mouth has been filled with gold and sugar-candy by some living caliph, to make vice appear virtue, when he and the agents of his crimes are in the bosom of Eblis."

"Effendi," replied the Greek, becoming emboldened by the condescension of the Moslem, "I entreat of you not to speak of my ancestors in these disrespectful terms. Call my father and mother the most opprobrious names, if it so please you; speak disparagingly, if you think proper, of the Patriarch and of my religion; call the humblest of your slaves a dog and a kafir, if you deign to address me; make a love-song of my sister, and a saddle-cloth of my wife's amsak, if such be your honourable humour, but oh! Effendi, by all that is most precious to my soul, speak not disrespectfully of my revered ancestors. I buried my poor mother, Effendi, but a fortnight ago, and I bore the calamity like a man, but I never see the tombs of my great ancestors, Achilles and Ajax, on yonder coast, that I do not weep like a child. Suffer me, Effendi, to shed a few tears over the sepulchres of my forefathers."

"What!" exclaimed the Moslem, "were they buried in the ocean? They had a broader tomb than I thought, and ample space to sit up, when called on by the two examiners, Monker and Nakir. I am sick of your ancestors; let me hear no more about them."

The Greek desisted, very unwillingly, from communicating his classical associations and ancient reminiscences; he muttered something about rayahs having the blood of heroes in their veins, and left the weary passenger to his meditations. These were apparently of no very agreeable kind: he declined joining the other passengers at supper; the dew was heavy, but he continued all night long walking the deck, one moment quickly, the next with a slow and irresolute step, and frequently halting of a sudden, as if a succession of disagreeable ideas were passing through his mind, and increasing in fearful interest at every moment that a gust of wind startled his ear, and roused him from his reverie.

It is needless to say, this passenger was the fugitive from Bournarbashi; a few hours ago flying for his life before a host of pursuers, the hal-

looing of the soldiers ringing in his ears, their balls whistling by his head whenever a glimpse of him was caught; the expression of their fury audible enough when he lay hid in the thick hedges of the stream, which he had to wade through in his flight, and sinking to the earth when breathless and exhausted he gained the other side, and every trace of the fugitive was lost.

He was now in security sailing, on a still summer's night,

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

contrasting the peril and the tumult of the scene he had just quitted with the peaceful tranquillity of the moonlit deep, whose waters, hardly rippled by the breeze, looked too gentle ever to have swollen into mountain billows, and to have "swallowed navigation up."

When he reflected on the dangers he had past, and looked around for the tempest he imagined must surely be at hand, he could hardly persuade himself but that even nature was perfidious, and that the tranquillity was treacherous, which played over the face of the smiling sea and the unclouded sky. But when

the calm continued, and his mind became a little more composed, the overwhelming consideration of the perils he had encountered gradually declined, and another recollection of more enduring pain, but of less overpowering an influence at the onset, took possession of his mind.

The loss of his beloved Zuleika, the probable destruction he had brought on her head, filled his soul with sorrow, which found no outlet at the eyes, no communicant in the tongue, no expression in the "dejected 'haviour of the visage," but which was buried in the sepulchre of the heart's best hopes—the silent bosom. The morning dawned on the fairest prospects of the universe, the beautiful bed of the Egean, spotted here and there with fairy isles, whose mellow tinted shores had no need of the enthusiasm of the scholar, to be gazed on with admiration.

Sailing amidst a cluster of these gems of the ocean, now steering between the straits of Paros and Antiparos, now coasting along the shores of Sera and Antisera, the eyes of Mourad were rivetted on the enchanting prospect. "How

beautiful," he exclaimed to the communicative Greek who had been expatiating with so much patriotism on the virtues of his ancestors—"how beautiful are these islands, and how happy must the people be who live with those they love, on the very smallest portion of their soil!"

"Alas! Effendi," said the Greek, "the foulest place can make the fairest prospects. Have you ever looked on the shores of Stamboul from the sea, gazed on the miniature of ocean, on whose smiling borders of living emerald, beauty has her kiosques, rayahs his palaces, religion her thousand spires, and luxury its gardens of delight? Has your astonished eye banquetted on the enchanting view of the Bosphorus, where all that heaven has done for the beauty of that favoured spot is seen, and all that barbarity could do to deface its loveliness, is concealed in the distance? Have you gazed on the forest of moving masts, whose shadows are projected from land to land—the innumerable ships from the extreme corners of the globe which ride securely in the harbour, and the fairy skiffs which skim along the surface of a sea as smooth as the

cheek of a Phrosyne, as calm as the bosom of the lake of Paradise? Have you involuntarily turned your regard from the gloomy walls of the seraglio to the trifaced hill, on which the gorgeous city of Constantine sits in melancholy splendour, like a pale widow in her mourning garment, bedizened with incongruous ornaments, but still beautiful, though oddly drest. O, Effendi! has your soul swam in pleasure at the sight of so much beauty?—have your senses been filled with admiration at the endless variety of such a landscape?—have you not wondered how it was possible for so many delightful objects to be mingled with such effect in so small a space—domes, palaces, sepulchres, mosques, and minarets, exulting in their pride over the surrounding dwellings of the people? If you have seen these things from the gunnel of a boat, and have never touched the shore, what have been your feelings the first moment of your landing, when your smell has been regaled with the intolerable odours of the beach, your sight offended by the filthy aspect of squalid misery, and your hearing shocked by the deafening imprecations of half a dozen confounding tongues?

If you had sufficient strength of mind and body to enable you to climb the main land of one side of the city, and to descend the steep valley of the other, how must you have panted and perspired as you waded ankle-deep in the mire; and how must you have cursed the mother of the Stamboul Effendi, when you left your slip-shod papoushes in the gutter, and plapped your tender foot on the fragment of a coffee-cup, in some abominable rut in the unseen pavement! If it have been your fortune to have seen, smelt, and felt the abominations of Stamboul, I marvel at your expectation of finding beauty in these islands, or happiness amongst their inhabitants. Alas! Effendi, there are few things in the world beside affection, which distance does not improve!"

The Greek was about to commence a long string of moral reflections on the vanity of all human expectations, and meant to illustrate his observations by some allusions to his ancestors, and other topics equally pertinent, when the captain bade all his people be called up, and gave the pleasing information to his passengers that it was coming on to blow.

CHAPTER IV.

Mar. Mercy on us, we split! we split! Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!—we split!—we split!—we split!

THE passengers aboard the shatoor, consisted of a Greek priest, on his way to Damiat; two Turks of a respectable appearance, who were going to seek employment in the service of the Giaour Pacha of Scanderia; a Jew money-changer, who was turning his steps to the Kebla of Jerusalem; an Armenian merchant, who was returning to Grand Cairo with his wife; an Italian Monk, on his way from Smyrna to El Masr, and the hero of Bournarbashi, whose destination was the island of Candia, which already hove in sight.

No sooner had the captain intimated the pro-

bability of the breeze freshening, than the companion was surrounded by a dozen anxious passengers. The poor captain was pestered to death by a number of ridiculous questions, which he endeavoured to answer by pointing to a small white cloud to windward, and to the ripple on the water, which had been smooth as a mirror a few minutes before. The confusion on the deck was very great; orders were given and repeated, and resisted, in a variety of tongues; the captain bawled to his people to let go the halyards and mainsheets; he prayed to them, and swore at them by turns, to clear up the topsails, and take a reef in the main mizzen. Some of the crew said there was no necessity for knocking the ropes about; it was only a squall, and it would not reach them. The captain roared to them louder than ever, that the squall was coming right a beam, that the craft was light in ballast, and could not stand the canvass. The breeze was now beginning to whistle in the ears of the landsmen: they could not understand, however, why the sea had already become rough, why the vessel pitched long before the

wind was sufficiently violent to account for the sudden change. Neither could they understand why the captain and the crew should appear to be anticipating the tempest by their simultaneous shouts and shrieks, which terrified their very souls to listen to. It seemed to them nothing less than flying in the face of heaven, to be trying to outroar the winds; and those who were below, and heard the awful tramping over head, thought of nothing but the thickness of the creaking planks which interposed between them and eternity. The captain stood at the helm, now foaming with passion at the slowness of his sailors in executing his orders; now stamping with fury at the bungling manner they were obeyed. If he ordered the bow lines to be brailed, the halyards were sure to be clewed up; if he called out to brace up the mainsail, the clue garnets were let go. The squall had set in before a sail was reefed. The confusion was tremendous. At length, by dint of swearing and beseeching, on the part of the captain, the topsails were lowered, and a reef put in the mainsail. How it was accomplished

in the tumult that prevailed, appeared miraculous, and how timely it was done seemed no less providential.

The wind was howling in the four quarters of the heavens. Unlike the constant gale which blows from a single point, the squall of the Egean rushes from every point of the compass, and ploughs up the ocean in fast succeeding billows.

The violence of the gale momentarily increased, the little vessel laboured much, her timbers creaked, and when she pitched, it seemed as if she would never rise again. The difficulty was in keeping her to the wind. The peril lay in her recovering from one short sea ere she was overtaken by another. The ocean, which a little while ago was so calm and beautiful, was now lashed into foaming billows. The light airs which so gently wafted the buoyant vessel over the slumbering surface of the waters, were now maddened into a furious gale, before which the angry billows rolled, and the frail bark on their swelling bosoms trembled from stem to stern. The violence of the squall at length abated; its fury was expended on the

deep, and they who only prayed to heaven for its cessation, were loud in their gratitude when it died away altogether.

But the heavy sea did not subside, and now that the vessel was no longer steadied by the breeze, her sails went flapping to and fro, and she rolled like a lifeless log on the hoary billows of the deep.

Till now the captain betrayed no signs of fear; but when the tremendous sea came thundering on her beam, and the very ballast leaped in her bottom, he lost all the energy of a man; he prayed to his prophet, he cursed his evil stars, he tore his hair, and wept aloud.

This was the signal for universal consternation; every lurch the ballast appeared to settle more and more to leeward; at length the list was evident even to the landsmen; but the hands which should have been employed below in trimming it, were lifted to the saints of various calendars, to whose care the preservation of the bark was now committed. The wind had ceased for some time, yet the sun continued obscured, and the sea became heavier; the swell was longer, and more regular, but far dis-

tant from the fine western roll of the broad Atlantic. The poor wretches who had petitioned heaven for a calm, now prayed for the recurrence of the gale,

> "Which took the ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,
> With deafening clamours, in the slippery clouds."

Any thing was preferable to the terrible motion of a craft in ballast, tossing on a rolling sea without a breath of wind. One instant on the summit of a mountain wave, every creaking timber trembling with the strain; the next moment plunged in the trough of the sea, hemmed in on every side by giant surges. Now thrown by some thundering billow on her beam, the gunnel lay for many seconds under water, while crew and passengers, involved in common terror, kept clambering up the deck, almost doubtful of her ever righting. Sometimes a sea striking the helm, she veered about till her head came to the surge, and then down went the prow in the raging billows, which broke again at the bows, and with astounding fury, foamed and hissed, and dashed their boiling spray over the dripping masts.

There she lay, half buried in the waves, the forecastle deluged, while the helm and keel as far as midships, stood high and dry, elevated above the yeasty sea, as if the prow was intended to transfix the rebellious billows which buffeted both head and hull. Every soul aboard thought she was going down head foremost. But she recovered herself again—the bows were seen emerging from the deep—the remnant of the flying gib appeared above the surface, and the deck again presented a horizontal line. She righted with a shock which sent every thing adrift in the cabin, and demolished the brittle furniture of the bins and lockers. The bulk-heads groaned, as if every fibre had been racked —the ring bolts started—the joints moved—the stout knees shook beneath the beams—and the water poured through many a seam in the yawning ribs. Had she struck on a reef, the vibration of her timbers could scarcely have been exceeded when the prow ascended, and down went the dry keel abaft, and the uplifted stern plapped on the monstrous wave, and sent the foaming surge from beam to beam. And

when her head appeared above the surface, it seemed as if the noblest work of human ingenuity was endowed with the godlike apprehensions of its contriver, for the dripping prow swung round as if to turn away from a merciless destroyer. But still there was a gleam of hope —a south-west sky was gleaming over head— the drooping vane began to stir—a breeze sprung up—it was heard howling in the blocks and shrouds before a breath was felt on deck.

Life and motion again animated the hull; hope came with the breeze, and hovered like a smiling cherub over head, directing its gentle breath to the white bosom of the sails, and impelling the light bark over the summit of the insulting surge. O how the shrunken features of the wretched people aboard brightened up at the music of the gale, whose mournful howl so lately horrified their souls! How wildly they spoke of their gratitude to heaven, how untimely they talked to the affrighted captain of their fortunate escape from death and danger. While they were congratulating one another, the wind increased, and in a little time it blew

a gale; the bark again mounted the summit of the "imperious surge," again she descended the depths of the raging sea.

In that terrible trough, how the breathless passengers held fast by every nearest ledge and rail, when the sea seemed to sink beneath the keel, and the horizon round the yawning abyss was one liquid mountain, like El Caf, surrounding the world within that little vessel! How the heart of every trembler died away at the awful aspect of that wall of swelling waves, slumbering as they sloped from sea to sky, but raging as they sunk, and disemboguing all their foaming madness, in broken, headlong billows.

The shock of every surge which struck the rudder, was felt by the steersman; his hand recoiled from the helm at every furious blow, as the rudder reeled, from the astounding violence of the sea, from side to side. At length, an overwhelming wave struck the stern, the rudder was unshipped, and the poor fellow at the helm was swept over the side with the velocity of lightning, by the violence of the jerk.

Not a rope or a spar was thrown to the poor wretch, whose head was still above the boiling

surge in the wake of the vessel, till Mourad cut away the fastenings of the hen-coop, and flung it over board. But it was too late; in making for the rudder, his head was dashed against the ship's keel by a billow, and down he went in the face of his companions.

The white surge was streaked with his gore, and round it the hog-nosed porpoises gambolled, tumbled over and over, and cut the surface of the ocean with their powerful fins, as they dived after their prey, and then rose in their delight to spout water in the air, still darting onward like the wind, and always to the leeward of the tempest. The ungovernable bark, no longer obedient to the helm, veered with every blast, swung round and round with every wave. The Captain was no longer in a situation to command; he had stowed himself in the gabous, where he cried and sobbed without ceasing. The greater part of the crew were incapable of any service; they had been "preparing for the worst," ever since the loss of the rudder, by knocking the head into a cask of Tenedos, belonging to their own papas; in short, two-thirds of them were drunk.

The only sailor who maintained any self possession, was the Greek, who had been talking of his ancestors. He now filled the captain's place, and every order he gave was seconded by Mourad sword in hand. But for the warning voice of this man, every mother's soul would have been swept overboard. He kept watching from the poop every sea that came rolling along, whose violence there was no longer a rudder to avoid; and told passengers and people, to hold on for their lives.

At last, a tremendous wave came rolling right aft; he who was on the look-out had only time to exclaim; "Down, down, or you are lost! lash yourselves to the rigging!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the heaviest sea that yet struck her, thundered on the stern; the two posts were carried away, the frame was shattered, and the poop was literally deluged. Four of the drunken sailors were washed over; they were in eternity ere they were missed. But the greatest damage was below. The dead lights were knocked in, and the sea made a clear passage through the apertures. The cabin was bin-deep in water when

Mourad descended with the Greek, to see if it were possible to close the inlet to inevitable destruction. But every effort was in vain; no sooner was the broken pannel applied to its former place, than another surge sent the feeble impediment to the furthest corner of the cabin.

They besought the sailors to assist them in another and a last attempt for their preservation; but not a man would budge from the forecastle, where the last scene of life was deemed the fittest for the orgies of drunkenness and profanity.

They implored the passengers to aid them, but despair had dried up the fountains of their hearts, and had withered up all the energy of their souls.

The well was tried, there were three feet and a half of water in the hold, and only two willing men to work the pumps. But these two did the work of twenty shivering slaves like those around them, and ceased not till their blistered fingers clove to the handles. Anxiously did they watch the appearance of the water that was thrown up at every stroke. Still looking for the frothy yeast of the exhausted well

and longing for the sulphurous effluvia of the bilge water which arises from the bottom. But they made no impression on the leak; on the contrary, it was momentarily gaining on them. They were no longer able to keep their feet, between the exhaustion of their limbs, and the rolling of the vessel; they sat down on the steps of the companion where the passengers, who had been driven from the cabin as well as the deck, were huddled together, clinging to one another, as if each individual thought himself superlatively helpless. There in sullen silence did they await their doom whose dread certainty was not altogether before their eyes, while they had a sight, or a sound, of any human exertion making for their preservation.

But when the last effort of those they looked to for salvation ceased, the agonizing anxiety which paralyzed their faculties was at an end; the silence of suspense was broken, and the loud lamentation of despair ensued. It seemed as if the encounter of uncertain danger was more appalling and overpowering than the contemplation of certain death. The observation applied both to the timid and the brave; but the effect

was different on each; what gave animation to the one, bestowed energy on the other.

The Greek papas put no hypocritical face of resignation on his distress; he gave vent to his despair in language extremely natural; namely, that of fear. He called on the Pania very frequently, but in so surly a tone, that it sounded more like a remonstrance than a supplication. He addressed the Madonna in a querulous orison in which he dwelt on the hardship of dying in company with a priest of the Latin church. With the disinterested zeal peculiar to those of his communion, he neglected his own immediate concerns, even in the moment of death, to give utterance to his pious abhorrence of a Roman Catholic. "Ah! sweet Pania," he cried out, "why am I deserted? Have I not opposed the enemies of the patriarch on all occasions? Have I not always instructed my flock in holding these vassals of Rome in greater detestation than Turks and pagans? Have I not been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and assisted in beating the Latin priests from the holy places when the miracle of the sacred fire was done at Easter? Have I not fasted three hundred

days last year on pickled olives and caviare? Have I not vowed to hang the picture of a shipwreck on your shrine if I escape with life? Ah, sweet Pania! ah, my unlucky stars! ah, ma to theo, it is too bad to be swallowed up in the same ocean with a Roman Catholic."

The monk, on the other hand, who was a Maronite Catholic, was wringing his hands, and rending his garments—the picture of despair, and the very image of death.

He wept and whined incessantly. He reminded San Guiseppo of the patronage his namesake had a right to expect. He appealed to San Gennaro to furnish a proof of his supernatural power, by doing as great a miracle at sea, as he was wont to do on shore at Napoli. It was not death, he said, he feared: but dying in the same ship with a heterodox Greek; an outcast, who denied the supremacy of the holy see; a villain of a heretic, who disbelieved in the pope, and despised the propaganda. "Ah, San Gennaro!" he exclaimed, "I shall never hear the Lazzaroni of Naples call your facia jala again; if you only do me one little miracle,

and save me the disgrace of drowning with a schismatic Greek, I never will forget your shrine.

The Armenian was clinging to the steps of the companion, having freed himself from the annoyance of his wife, who had now fastened on Mourad. He offered a thousand piastres to any man who would assist to get him into the jolly-boat, when the vessel should go down. His wife begged of him to offer a similar sum for her; but he was candid enough to assure her he would see her drowned first. He moaned and groaned most piteously; and, from time to time, he mumbled a few prayers: while he kept tugging at the extremity of a sausage, which he had pocketed at the commencement of the gale. "Thanks to Saint James, our patron!" he ejaculated frequently; "I am not like the reprobates around me. I have not ate unleavened bread, like the Latins; nor tasted animal food sixty-five days in the year, like the Greeks: then why should I fear eternity like them?—but ah! above all things, why should my bones be mingled with those of wretches who pay no honour to Saint James?"

The two Turks, who had purposed going to Egypt, were, if possible, more dejected than all the others. At the commencement of the storm they had been exceedingly riotous and overbearing; threatening to throw the two priests overboard—to whose presence they ascribed the tempest; striking their rayahs of sailors, for coming in contact with their pipes; and even presenting their loaded pistols to the breast of the captain, and swearing to shoot him if he did not put back and set them on shore. But now they were quiet as lambs, gentle as tamed jackals. They begged of the Jew, (whose beard they had spat on in the morning,) with tears in their eyes, to fetch them a cup of wine, to refresh their sinking spirits; but the Jew, no longer an awe-struck slave, bade them quench their thirst with their salt tears, for he was not their servant. The lords of the creation even stooped to solicit a drunken rayah for a draught of the forbidden liquor, and were denied.

One of them, who seemed to be less mortally apprehensive of his fate than the other, endeavoured to support his courage with the custo-

mary expressions of—"God is great!" "Praise be to his name!" "Blessed be the beard of the apostle!" "It is written and must be!" "Allah is wonderful!"

But notwithstanding all these philosophical expressions, and the consoling reflection that death was the certain gate to paradise, whose garden was open to all true believers, and was watered by fine rivers, furnished with delicious fruits, provided with convenient kiosques of hollow pearls, filled with beauty, and redolent of sweets; notwithstanding all these celestial sources of comfort, he shuddered at every awful lurch, and his pale lip quivered, while he sought to allay the disquietude of his fluttering heart, by reminding his companion of the joy they ought to feel at not being Christians.

"Unlike such dogs, he said, they had a prophet, (blessed be the name of Mahomet!) to lead them over the bridge of eternity—the hair-breadth bridge of Al Sirat. Unlike such unbelievers, they had a paradise to enter, after being refreshed at the prophet's pond, which is supplied by the two pipes from the celestial river of Al Cawther. Unlike the infidels, however

manifold their transgressions, the temporary punishment of true believers could not exceed seven thousand years, as it could not be under the term of nine hundred. But what would any punishment be to those, who had only to drink of that blessed pond, never to thirst again? Unlike the Nazarenes, they were to dwell in the seventh heaven; in that glorious paradise, the floor of which is of solid musk, its roof of pearls, its walls of silver, and its trees of burnished gold. They were to gaze on the palace of the prophet, shaded by the magnificent tree, El Tuba, a branch of which spreads to the mansion of every Moslem. They were to pluck that celestial fruit, the taste of which is of whatsoever sort desired; to seize on the bough which bends downwards towards him who stretches towards it; supplying delectable viands, and silken clothes, and richly caparisoned horses, bursting from its fruits. They were to enjoy the possession of the fleetest mares, on one of which they might make the circuit of the tree Tuba in a hundred years. Unlike the unbelievers, whose couch was hell-fire, they had baths of liquid sapphire to repose in, a pleasant

garden to enjoy, with rivers of sparkling wine, and lakes of milk and honey. They had bowers wherein to take delightful ease, with fountains of cold sherbet, clear and gelid; and streams of living water running over a bed of rubies, whose banks are of sapphire, and its pebbles of amethysts. Unlike the heathen, they had the supreme felicity to expect the company of the beautiful houries—the black-eyed girls of paradise, whose glances eclipse the glory of the stars, and who are secluded from the public view in pavilions of hollow pearls of extraordinary dimensions. Unlike the giaours, each son of Islam had seventy-two wives of the black-eyed houries to his share, beside his terrestrial partners, if he choose to have them, in heaven." (Here the other Turk, who was weeping bitterly in spite of the glad tidings of his companion, shook his head with more vehemence of manner than he had exhibited for some time.)

"Yes, my friend," continued the Temanite of Turkish consolation, "we have a blessed feast to expect on entering paradise. The whole earth will be laid before us as one loaf of

bread, which Allah's own hand is to serve to his favourite people; our meat is to be the ox Balâm, every member of which is a mountain; and the fish Nun, whose liver alone is to suffice seventy thousand people, and, at that banquet, the meanest Moslem will have eighty-two thousand servants. Unlike the kafirs, when we retire from the feast, we shall go to our tent, whose cloth is a network of jacinths and emeralds, and whose divans are formed of myrrh and musk, and whose porch is sprinkled with rose water.

"There, in celestial indolence, shall we remain; every sense in the eternal perfection of thirty summers, every day ushered in with new delights, and every evening closed with the languishing melody of the angel Israfil, whose soul-melting strains are accompanied by the clashing notes of the golden-bodied trees, whose boughs are set in motion by the gentle airs proceeding from the throne of Allah; and causing the fruits of emerald and pearl to jangle together like sweet bells. Yes, my friend, these are the joys we are to expect: what more should we desire? It is but to die, therefore, why

should we grieve? Allah, Karim, God is most merciful!"

The poor Moslem endeavoured to look resigned, as he finished his consolatory harangue, but it was a melancholy effort at composure; his heart died away, as the sound of his own voice was drowned in the loud roar of wind and wave. His companion appeared not much more encouraged by the consoling topic; he pointed to the raging surge, then hid his face in his dripping garment, and wept aloud.

"O blessed prophet!" he cried, his teeth chattering as he spoke, "why did I leave my peaceful house in Stamboul, my solid walls, my silent roof, my secure apartments, my stedfast floor; for one bare foot of whose firm earth I would give the universe and its riches. O yes! I know we should be thankful that we are not like the unbelievers—that we are the children of Providence—that we have a paradise and all its blessings to expect; but what we are certain of is sure to come, and is not to be sought with too much haste. If I were only on shore for half an hour, I should have leisure to think of all its blessings; but here one has no time to think

of any thing but death, horrible, terrific death; and worst of all, to be accountered with the enemies of every sect that heaven hates. O Mahomet! have thy faithful followers deserved this shame?"

The son of Israel evinced more fortitude than any of the preceding. While Greek, Italian, Armenian, and Turkish prayers were arising around him, his Hebrew orisons were poured forth in a clear, loud voice, which drowned the feeble accents of his neighbours. He had thrown a white woollen garment over his head and shoulders, such as is worn in the synagogue, and he was chaunting whole chapters of the Tarah in a sing-song, monotonous tone, accompanied by a perpetual motion of his body, and practising unceasing contortions, as if he believed a state of muscular repose to be displeasing in the sight of his great Eloah.

For the last hour he had not ceased singing the song of exultation for the destruction of Pharaoh's host; dwelling, in the midst of the tempest, with infinitely more complacency on the destruction of God's enemies, than on the

salvation of his own people. At the commencement of the storm, he had made the latter theme the burden of his sad song; the passage of the Red Sea, the division of the waters, and the numberless miracles performed by the God of the Hebrews, for the preservation of his chosen race, were his encouraging subjects. But now that every hope of an especial miracle for his individual safety was gone; now that the hand which held the waters in its hollow had ceased to restrain their fury, and that the wrath which rides on the wings of the wind had failed to be appeased; notwithstanding his entreaties to the Lord of the Israelites, he consoled himself with the reflection, that it was because there was only one righteous man in a ship full of God's enemies, that he was to be taken to the bosom of his father Abraham, in order to send a legion of *idolaters* to the howling place of the heathen. As he gave utterance to this consolatory reflection, the pride of the privileged tribe gave a dignity to the port of the abject rayah, which it seemed incapable of exhibiting before. His head, which naturally drooped, became exalted, his frame erect, his

chest expanded, and his voice more sonorous, as he poured forth a proud strain of Hebrew piety, enriched with many passages from the poetry of the royal psalmist.

"I will not set my mouth against the heavens," he exclaimed, "though the Lord hath made darkness his secret place—though the pavilions round about him are black waters and thick clouds of the sky. I will not complain like the wicked, neither will I curse my day like the man of Uz, because the waves have gaped upon me with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion—because the channels of the waters were seen, and the fountains of the world discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. If the Great One gathereth up the waters of the sea together as an heap, and layeth up the deep for store houses, why should I despair? It is for the unbelievers, who surround me, to despond; whose guilt hath aroused the vengeance of the deep: for dogs have encompassed me—the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me. But Eloah is still my rock, though deep calleth to deep at the noise of his water-spouts, and all his waves and his billows

are gone over me. Therefore will I not fear, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea—though the waters thereof roar and be troubled—though thy waters have come in unto my soul—though I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing, and am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me, I will not repine like the pagans who surround me. If it were thy pleasure, thou wouldst not let the billows overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up: and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. For thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them. For thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters: and thy footsteps are not known. Let the floods lift up their voice and thunder as they will, the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters: yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. Let not the rod of the wicked rest upon the lot of the righteous, though I am emcompassed by unbelievers; let the Lord be about me as the mountains are about Jerusalem. Pour thy indignation, oh, Jehovah! upon thy enemies, and let thy wrathful anger take hold of them. Let

their habitations be desolate, and let none dwell in their tents. They have much reason to be sad, and horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law; but why should one of the chosen people be sorrowful? Let the floods clap their hands, and the hills be joyful together: though thy wrath lies hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves, still do I rejoice, and say Amen, Selah! Though I am numbered with them that go down into the pit, in the deep where I am shut up and cannot come forth, still do I rejoice for I know the Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born on the holy mountain. My trust is in him who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind: who laid the foundation of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever: who covered it with the deep as with a garment, and made the waters stand above the mountains: who formed this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts: who re-

buked the Red Sea, and it was dried up; and led our fathers forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation; who overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the waters; for his mercy endureth for ever. Hear me, Adonai! attend unto my cry, for I am brought very low. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down as the locusts. For I have been of the number of those who wander to and fro in the wide world, who go down to the sea in ships that do business in great waters: who see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep; for he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof; who mount up to the heavens; who go down again to the depth; whose soul is melted because of their trouble: who reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

The poor Israelite was proceeding in this strain, when a heavy weather roll took his legs from under him, and laid him under the companion stairs, which were already three steps

deep in water. No one offered to raise him up till Mourad had the charity to set him on his legs; but lest the rayah should think too much of his condescension, he qualified the act of kindness with a malediction on his mother and his creed, for not standing steady on the ladder, instead of hiding his face with his wife's amsak, and dancing on his toes, like a male *almeh*.

The Greek Stephenaki, who had tears for his ancestors and none for his mother, appeared to have very little feeling for himself; he stood the storm as long as it was possible to keep the deck without flinching from the spray, apparently regardless of death, and with all the external apathy of one who thought life of little value. Mourad and he kept together, speaking very rarely, but scorning to hold any intercourse with the whining slaves around them. They had that sentiment in common which brave men seldom fail to find out in the moment of danger, and which imperceptibly draws their spirits in a mutual league of amity. But there was a difference in their courage; the Greek's bosom was insensible to the emotions of the

violent passions, as his body was insensible to the sufferings of ordinary pain. His mind, like his frame, was constituted of rude materials, of coarse, harsh fibres, the nature of which admitted of no delicacy of organization, physical or moral.

Mourad, on the contrary, was vulnerable to the attack of every passion, and liable to the impression of fear, as well as to that of hate and love; his courage consisted, like that of most men, in suppressing the external evidences of fear, in possessing so much self-command as to suffer not the machine to receive the impression of the disordered mind. He stood with his folded arms in the gangway, in solemn silence, gazing on the surges with a look more of anger than of grief. It was the look of one whose spirit was setting the tempest at defiance, telling the wind to do its worst, and bidding the savage billows swallow up their victims, and put an end to the terror of their momentary threats.

CHAPTER V.

I have great comfort from this fellow, methinks; he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.

TEMPEST.

TOWARDS sunset the wind gradually abated, the heavy sea subsided, and the clouds, which had been flying along the face of heaven, "the couriers of the air," were now the wearied messengers of the winds, reposing on their drooping wings.

The poor ship, which had been so long buffeted by the waves, and driven before the gale, lay heavily and motionless on the water, like one on a sick bed who had been watching for the dawn, and was too weak when it came to enjoy its sunshine. The sea had been too long

gushing through sides and stern to leave any buoyancy in her timbers, both pumps were choaked, her water-marks were already covered, and it was visible to every one she was setting fast by the head. Both passengers and people thronged the deck, clearing away the boats, now their last resource. The crew seized on the long boat, and swore not a passenger, save the papas, should put a foot in her. The fellow who was at their head was the second mate, an insolent Candiote Greek, who had been mainly instrumental in preventing the crew from working the pumps when the leak had only sprung, and might have been kept under. Mourad had long noticed the insolence and ill conduct of this ruffian, his eye was now set on him when he was seizing on the long boat, and that fierce glance of his was looking the fellow's spirit down into the deep, as he encouraged his companions to suffer no landsmen in the boat. Mourad called Stephenaki to his side; he told both him and the passengers, their peril; he asked them to stand by him as they valued life, but all, except the Greek, slunk away; he approached the two Turks, he took the pistols

out of their girdles, and having armed Stephenaki with these, and trusting to his own good weapons for the rest, he sallied forth from the companion, sword in hand. As he advanced towards the mutineers, it was strange to see how the stormy wave of the tumultuous rabble retreated as he approached.

Even the insolent Candiote and two of his boldest associates, stepped a few paces backwards with a deferential awe. But, ashamed of their fears, they flew to the nearest handspikes, and planting themselves by the gunwale of the boat, awaited the attack. The bright sword of Mourad was soon gleaming over their heads; regardless of their bludgeons he rushed in amongst them with the fury of a lion, seconded by the rarest of all allies, a faithful Greek.

The nearest fellow to him he had already cloven down; but, ere he had time to wield the reeking blade above his head a second time, the spar of the Candiote thundered on his left arm, and sent it shattered to his side; another blow was aimed, but Stephenaki sent a bullet through the fellow's breast; and the right hand of the assailant forgot its cunning. The uplifted weapon dropped harmless at his feet, as he

tumbled on the deck. But our hero was left single-handed to the Candiote; while the Greek was endeavouring to keep back the crew, who were now pressing forward to the assistance of their mates.

Stephenaki had already laid the foremost a corpse across the hatches; and discharged his last pistol amongst the rest, who were retreating to the bows. On looking at the young Moslem, he found him pale and bloody; his left arm a wreck, but his right still wielding his sword, and in the act of plunging it into his adversary's throat.

The wounded Candiote reeled at the blow, but still kept his feet; he made a desperate effort to close with his enemy, whose disabled state he well knew; but, as he rushed forward, another lounge of the deadly weapon sent him gasping over the side, whose rails had been washed away in the storm.

"Now, Stephenaki," cried the victor, glancing as he spake at the powerless limb which swung at his side—"fury is abroad! the winds and the waves are forgotten, and murder is busy in the sinking ship! This is as it should be; who would think of land, when vengeance is

alive in the midst of death and danger?—Now, my friend, for the cowardly villains in the bows, who would leave us in the drowning bark—fling away the pistols; the sword of that shivering Moslem will do better service: slay every living soul, as you value the bones of your ancestors! No consideration—this is no time to pause; the cry of blood is up! now, Stephenaki, if you are a man, follow me!"

The madness of pain, or the excitement which havoc, once let loose, never fails to encourage, prompting the red hand of murder to plunge further and further into the gaping gashes of the sword, and wading the slippery footstep deeper and deeper into the swamp of slaughter. Either of these incitements drove the reason of the young Moslem before the face of ungovernable wrath. He heard not the remonstance of the Greek, as he rushed on the terrified wretches in the bows, most of whom were unarmed; and fell on them with such fury, as appalled the very souls of the passengers, who witnessed the massacre. How the eyes of the infuriated assailant rolled in the horrible ecstasy of rage, as he slashed his shrieking victims

right and left!—how his features glared with the phrenzied transports of revenge, as the mangled wretches crawled over the sides, and grappled the fore chains; while others rushed headlong into the sea, preferring the devouring deep to the carnage that was dealt around them. The Greek had been in vain hallooing in his ears, "Enough! enough!" At length he interposed his strength between the raging assailant, and the few poor supplicants who were left still living.

"This is madness," said Stephenaki, pointing to the breathless bodies which were strewed around; "the death of that cut-throat Candiote and a couple of his associates was sufficient, without the massacre of all his abettors. Put up your sword, I say, and let these wretches have the death they intended for others—let them stay on the wreck, and sink with it, like dogs."

"Be it so," cried Mourad, leaving the scene of his fury; "but what you have witnessed is justice, not madness. Had it not been for the infamy of those caitiffs, we should not now be walking the deck of a swamping ship."

None of the surviving crew ventured to come

aft, while the passengers were getting out the boats. One was let down over the stern, the small skiff over the side; this, Stephenaki told our hero was the best sea-boat, and advised him, at the same time, to lose no time in abandoning the ship. A couple of oars and a top-sail were thrown into the little boat; a small keg of water, and some flakes of smoke-dried meat, called pasturma, a trunk, a compass, and a coil of rope, were also let down; and without any ceremony of leave-taking, Mourad and his friend the Greek committed themselves to the care of Providence, in a crazy bark, in the midst of the wide ocean. The other passengers, in the mean time, were hanging over the stern, in readiness to embark, but determined to keep to the ship to the last moment she was afloat.

They could not conceive the idea of Mourad taking to the small boat, in preference to the larger; and the more they reflected on his late conduct, the more they were strengthened in the opinion that he had lost his senses. Such an impression was a lucky one for the skiff, which would otherwise have been crowded, and per-

haps swamped. As it was, one individual only solicited to be taken aboard, and that person was the young wife of the Armenian. Women are seldom mistaken in their estimate of man's character, and courage is one of the male attributes to which they attach no little importance.

"Let her drown with her husband," said Stephenaki; "they are both heretics; it would be a sin to separate them."

"Ah! beautiful young man," cried the fair supplicant, addressing herself to Mourad, "take compassion on me; the bark is small, but your heart is brave, and heaven is sure to be with you. Oh! let your poor slave accompany you!"

This was an appeal, in which the *argumentum ad hominem* was evident and irresistible. Mourad, in spite of the Greek's remonstrances, took her into the boat, and then cast off the line. In an instant they were separated from the ship, whose port-holes were already 'twixt wind and water.

"Before five minutes," said the Greek, "she will go down; ere those land tortoises on the

poop are ready to abandon her, she will sink beneath their feet."

He rowed round the stern, and called to the people on the poop to get their boat alongside, and to embark immediately. But the advice was only partly followed, they still kept the boat in the ship's wake; both they and the survivors of the crew wrangling till the bows were actually dipping in the waves. Terrible was the confusion which then ensued; sixteen souls on the brink of eternity, each overpowered with the anxiety which had neither courage to controul, nor prudence to direct it.

At one and the same moment, all jumping into the boat—some falling over the sides—others sprawling in the bottom—all in confusion: the last man was still clinging to the wreck of the stern-posts, when a heavy roll from beam to beam tossed him from his hold headlong into the boat. This was the unfortunate Armenian; his weight alone was sufficient to have capsized the boat—as it was, the gunwale lay under water for a few seconds, and half filled her, ere the counterpoise of the corpulent Greek papas on the other side eventually right-

ed her. A thousand times did Stephenaki and his companion roar to them, though at a considerable distance, to cast off the rope a-head and a-stern, and to get clear of the vessel ere she sunk. But the confusion was such, that it was only by cutting the lines they at last got away. While they were putting out the oars, the ship gave two or three heavy lurches from side to side, and then down she went. The bubbling waters rising over her as she sunk, and the eddying waves curling round and round the tall mast, as it nodded in the hissing whirlpool, and the last glimpse of the vane disappeared on the veering surface. The oars of the long-boat were now in the water, but, alas! they were of no avail—she was already in the vortex of the whirling gulph, veering, in spite of every human exertion, towards the centre of the eddy, whose tremendous suction at length drew her into its spiral depths, and uplifting her keel, took her down head foremost.

One universal shriek arose at that awful moment; one loud plash was heard, when the poor wretches were dashed from the boat, and those in the skiff could yet see one bare head still

raised above the bubbling surface, and here and there a struggling hand uplifted for a moment, and then lost sight of in the eddy. At length every object disappeared, the bubbles ceased to rise on the surface of the deep, and nothing but the fawning ripple of the light air was seen spreading over the fatal spot, like the faint smile of treachery playing on the features of a faithless friend. Even the hard heart of the Greek was moved at the appalling sight; the wife of the poor Armenian groaned, and Mourad himself, whose breast a little while ago seemed to be the sanctuary of a savage spirit, kept his eyes rivetted on the spot where the boat went down, and when he withdrew them, he dashed some drops of water from his cheek, which might have been the spray, however much they resembled tears.

The moon was getting up in a fine clear sky, the weather was quite moderate, and what little wind there was had been gradually northering since sun-set.

"It is a glorious night," said Mourad, endeavouring to cheer up the spirits of the poor

widow " a heavenly night after such a dismal day; if the wind holds, and the weather keeps moderate, we shall soon be in sight of Candia."

" Inshallah," said the poor woman, "if it please God it shall be so."

By this time Stephenaki had rigged a sail, and taken his station at the tiller, with his compass before him, bearing away for Candia at the rate of five knots an hour.

The breeze continued steady, and the sea became calmer every moment. At midnight they were no longer in blue water; by the light of the moon they could discover the deep hue of the ocean gradually becoming lighter and lighter, and soon after, a quantity of sea-weed was seen floating around them.

" These are good signs," exclaimed Mourad, " the land cannot be far off; take courage, my Sultana, God is with us, he soon will bring our little bark into a secure haven."

" Ah! yes, Effendi," replied the lady, clinging closer than ever to her preserver, for such she called him, " wherever you are, danger is not. I was only fearful when you were in the

boat, and I was left behind. Ah! my poor dear husband, excellent man, best of masters, why have I survived him?"

"You may well ask yourself," replied Stephenaki; "if my advice had been taken, you had not been separated from him; for if you now repent of out-living him, we shall have foul weather again for a dead certainty, and St. James himself, your patron saint, cannot save us."

Mourad rebuked the Greek into silence with an angry glance; he began to feel an interest in the poor widow, whom he had now leisure to observe, and had found a full blown rose of Eastern beauty, fat, fair, and five-and-twenty. The recollection of Zuleika shot through his brain, but he satisfied his heart that he had done his love's purity no wrong: for surely a man may contemplate the features of a poor widow, without falling in love with her mourning sighs a couple of hours after her husband's death, and gaze with compassion on a young woman whose husband has been drowned in one's company, without meaning any harm to one's mistress.

Mourad was interrupted in his reflections by Stephenaki's joyful cry of "Land a head! land a head! O, thanks to the Pania," he exclaimed, "praise be to her name! I smell the olives of Candia—I swear I smell them, the beautiful fat olives of Canea and Retimo, the joy of the earth, the finest fruit that is laid on the tables of the princes of the fanaal."

"Your Pania ought to be obliged to you," said Mourad, "the first expressions of your gratitude for preservation from death has been coupled with a lie, and confirmed by an oath. But national habits, I suppose, are natural, and this Pania of yours is perhaps too much accustomed to them to be fastidious about falsehood, whatever Allah may think of it."

"Look you, Effendi," replied the Greek, "there are certain subjects which are not to be jeered. Allah is Allah; of him I say nothing; but the Pania, Effendi, is not to be spoken of lightly; and, if you have any regard for me, say nothing more about her. Remember, Effendi, there are two topics of discourse, which mortally offend a Greek to hear spoken of irreve-

rently, namely, the Madonna and his ancestors."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of Stephenaki's tone, our hero could not help smiling at the two interdicted topics, and wondering that Allah should have been omitted in the number on the present occasion, as his own mother had been on a former. But Mourad was little inclined to be merry. Though he made no complaint of his wounded arm, the pain was excessive; he had not yet examined the injured part, which was now embedded in a mass of congealed gore; but from his inability to move it, he feared it had been broken. Every bound of the little boat brought a longer line of the mountainous coast into view. At length the lofty summit of Mount Ida became distinct, the birth-place of the father of all the gods. Presently a light was seen gleaming right a-head; the gloomy prospects of an island-bound shore gradually brightened up; separate masses of the moon-lit rocks shelving to the shore, were easily descried; the breaking surge was visible on the beach, and then some waving objects were observed in a

valley, which Stephenaki endeavoured to persuade his companion were the cypress groves which erst had been sacred to Cretan Jove.

"We cannot be a league from the coast," said the Greek, "the white surge climbing up the shore is not to be seen at a greater distance; and when yonder light shows the walls of that dark mass of building, and the windows of the edifice become distinguishable, we shall not be more than a couple of miles off shore."

They now made for the light, and soon were alongside a little island, which Stephenaki recognized.

"This isle," said he, "protects the noblest harbour in the world, where twenty navies, like the Sultan's, might ride securely. We are now entering the mouth of the bay, which is as broad as the Bosphorus, and sinks deeper into the land than the harbour of Stamboul. Ah, Effendi! your countrymen might have made a Paradise of this place; but in their hands it has become a wilderness."

"God is great," replied Mourad; "whatever be the country. The little island which

separates this tranquil haven from the raging sea, is the wall of fate, which divides the realms of bliss from the region of the damned."

"O yes, Effendi!" exclaimed the overjoyed lady, "this is indeed a paradise! Who could have thought that so little time ago we should have been at the mercy of the mountain waves, and now on the smooth surface of a beautiful sea mirror, calm as your own features, and unruffled as your own bosom, by the rage of tide or tempest."

For any man, who delighted in the happiness of his fellow-creatures, the sun-bright eyes and joy-beaming looks of the three delighted beings who pressed the welcome shore they never expected to reach, might have furnished a picture of sparkling pleasure and glowing gratitude worthy the benignant contemplation of a Howard.

The emotions of the happy trio were differently expressed on landing, and were probably the manifestations of different sentiments. The Greek, on setting his foot ashore, took an image of the Pania from his bosom and kissed it with great fervour, saying, "Praise be to the Madonna." The Moslem raised his two hands over his

head, and cried in a solemn voice, "Allah karim," God is most merciful; and then bending on his knees, saluted the soil with his lips. The young woman, ere she disembarked, kissed the gunnel of the bark, to which they owed their preservation, and then stepping on the beach, she pressed the hand of our hero to her forehead; she spoke no thanks, but the big round tears of gratitude bedewed the fingers she clasped in hers.

CHAPTER VI.

. . . . . A King
Of shreds and patches.
HAMLET.

IN the metaphorical language of Turkish poetry, our hero and his party, "after having seen their broad sails torn by the whirlwind, and their vessel overwhelmed by the deluge of despair, had finally escaped the gulf of danger, turned the tiller of a precipitate retreat, and got into the haven of security."

In the language of common sense, which is not always that of Oriental verse, they were safe in port, lodged in the house of a Candiote barber, in Canea, and discoursing of past perils over smoking dish of pilau and kibab. The Armenian's widow, whose name was Miriam, was received

into the harem of the host; but this nominal seclusion did not preclude frequent visits to her preserver, which were unattended with such scandal as similar conduct would have occasioned in Stamboul.

In the harems of Candia, liberty of conscience, no less than laxity of female discipline, prevail to a greater extent than in any other portion of the Turkish empire.

Moslems not only marry Christian women, but suffer them to go to their Greek churches, and to continue infidels without any interference. They have even adopted the language of their native women, and many of their customs. Hassan, the worthy barber, in whose house Mourad had procured a lodging for himself and his companions, had two Christian wives, one Moslem spouse, and a pagan slave, for the family complement that was necessary to his domestic felicity. He was chief shaver to the governor of the town, and what was a still higher honour, to the head of the religion. His mansion being a large double house, an old Venetian structure, one half of which was chiefly tenanted by rats in the winter season, when no strangers

visited the oil market, he was glad to get a well dressed young Moslem for his lodger, and one who had already changed a doubloon.

Hassan was the Machaon of Canea; he set broken bones, cupped necks, cut veins, cured hot and cold disorders, and altered the qualities of the dum and saffran, in which all maladies are engendered; making red blood of black, with a certain scarlet coloured confection, and yellow bile of brown, with a beautiful lemon tinted decoction. No man was in such repute in Canea, as Hassan the barber. It was delightful to see him manipulating a bald head, just emerging from the soapsuds, smooth and shining, as he was wont to compare it, to the full round moon arising from a cloud; or cutting the long hair of an infidel with a razor, putting the artistes of Franguestan to shame with their scissars, and dismissing the hairy customer with the assurance that his matted locks were finer than the down on the cheek of the sunbul. Hassan had a soft word for every body; the Arab poets were at his fingers' ends, and those who had nothing else to do, came to have their heads shaved, in order to have their hearts

tickled with the love songs of Ferdousi, and the Bacchanalian hymns of Hafiz.

It was a curious exhibition of bald heads, and worth while a journey of Mr. Deville to Canea, to see a beautiful row of shining scalps, ranged in phrenological order on either side of the shop; the owners squatted on a shelf with a towel tucked under each chin, and a water-cock peering over every head. Never was such an exquisite display of bumps made (not marked) in any region of unshorn unbelievers.

There stood Hassan in the centre, brandishing his razor in the air—his long leathern strop dangling from his girdle, while he abandoned the pate of some half-lathered customer, to finish a distich of the divine Shemseddin.

How many a mashalla of rapturous applause was moaned by the auditors, for the intensity of the ecstacy produced by the soul-stirring sounds of Eastern poetry and music, is such as to approach to pain; and the acclamation of the hearers is actually a moan, as if wrung from their very vitals. The half-shorn Moslem forgot that his head was still soaped, till the mellifluous barber returned to the operation, and

completed it at last. Then came the turn of another customer; and after the prefatory bismillah, the tedium of the lathering process was relieved by some new episode, descriptive of the loves of Mejnoun and Leileh, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. The interval between each sweep of the razor, the steed or the cymeter of the hero was eulogised; and, ever and anon, when stropping made a pause, the sighs of the mistress, and the softness of her cheek, were passionately pourtrayed; and finally, when the operation ended with the perfumed argument, the golden verses of the Gulistan were recited, and the mysteries of "the bed of roses" expounded, as if by a Sufi. This scene only terminated when the last man was shaved; and the entertainment was of daily recurrence.

Hassan had hardly salaamed the last effendi out of his shop, before he was summoned to medicate the broken arm of his lodger. Mourad was performing the afternoon ablution when the barber hakkim entered his apartment.

"Praise be to Mahomet," said Hassan, "and to his noble family after him, and to all true believers who observe the law. I am a fortu-

nate man to have a strict observer of the namez under my roof."

"Mine is the fortune," replied Mourad, "to be under the roof of one who is a good medicator of a bad wound."

"Truly, Effendi," said the barber, "you speak like a man of intelligence, who was not born in 'the time of ignorance,' even before the prophet.

"You have, doubtless, read, in the Hindi kitab, that one of the fourteen Retnas, or precious things, produced by churning the ocean with the mountain Mandara, was a learned physician."

"I remember something of the sort," said Mourad; "and when you interrupted me just now in my ablution, I called to mind a passage in the same book, wherein it is said, in oblations to heaven, the presence of a physician is an unpropitious omen."

Hassan's good-natured countenance brightened up with satisfaction at finding a kindred spirit in the young Effendi, for such he deemed him, who had a knowledge of other languages, and their literature besides his own. His passion

for poetry was such as to bind even a stranger to his heart, who was capable of making an apt quotation. And now, instead of proceeding to examine the wound, he stood gazing on the patient with evident satisfaction, supporting on the palm of his right hand his left elbow, and pressing his fore-finger on the upper part of his temple. A phrenologist could not have desired a finer attitude for a poet, ignorant though poor Hassan was, that his finger was reposing on the organ of ideality.

"Are you reading my face, that you are so silent?" said Mourad; "or are you fearful of your speech, lest you should cease to be a sage? Tarafa thought the wisdom of many Moslems was admired because they were silent, whose folly would surely be discovered, were they to open their lips."

"From what bower did the tuneful nightingale take its flight?" said Hassan, smiling very graciously as he bent forward for a reply.

"I came not" (answered our hero) "like Catebi, from the rose-garden of Nishapor, but from the paradise of Gul herself. I am a native of Stamboul."

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"I thought so," said the barber; "your words have the odour of that place. The terrestrial tuba is the tree of knowledge, and it overshadows the medresses of Stamboul, in one of whose colleges my lord has, I presume, studied the seven sacred elegies, written in letters of gold, which were suspended on the gate of the temple; it was there, I suppose, that Abu Temam taught him (to whom God be merciful!) to speak in the language of Sadi, and to remember, that 'fine sentiments in prose are like gems scattered at random; but when linked in verse, are strung pearls, worthy of a king's diadem.' It was there, doubtless, my learned Effendi was tutored by the most eloquent of the sons of men, even by Nabi Effendi, in the philosophy of science. In the long interval of years, I can recall his time, and fancy I hear the divine teacher thus addressing you:—

"'O, my son, consecrate the dawn of your reason to the study of science. In the vicissitudes of life, learning is an infinite resource; it feeds the heart, it polishes the mind, and informs the spirit of all its duties. By it, honours and dignity are attained; in the busy

world it recreates the soul; in prosperity it fails not to amuse us, and in adversity it becomes our consolation. The advantages are numberless, but they are only to be acquired by long labour.

" 'Endeavour, O my son, to adorn your intellect with all the endowments of learning, in the career of life; the necessity for knowledge arises daily. O, what an immense distance is there between the learned and the unlettered! the brightest light compared with the thickest darkness, life with death, and existence with annihilation, but feebly expresses the interval which separates the educated being from him who is not so.

" 'Ignorance is the poisoned source of every evil which afflicts the world; blind superstition, impiety and barbarity walk by its side: shame, contempt, and vulgarity, follow in the footsteps. The Arabic tongue, that language, so rich, and yet so ancient, that it appears to have commenced with time; that language which Abraham spake, and his son Ishmael, and which has reached even our days, in all its purity—should be the first object of your study. But

let not all the time of your youth be devoted to its acquisition; for languages are only the avenues which lead to the temple of learning.

"'Meditate, O my son, on the laws both human and divine; all of them are contained in the blessed Koran. Then let philosophy be your study, and nourish your mind with the wisdom of the best authors. A bird without wings cannot soar aloft; pearls are not found at the surface of the waters, but in the depths of the ocean: the diver has to seek them in the midst of a thousand dangers. Cultivate the poetry of the Arabs; it is not less beautiful than that of the Persians; it is even endowed with more of that divine enthusiasm, which seizes on the soul, inflames the imagination, and carries away the heart. In its impetuous state, their fancy paints every object in nature forcibly, yet correctly, while their numbers glow with all the warmth of the climate they inhabit.

"'Remember, O my son, that Arabic and Persian are the languages of rhyme, the two wings on which the poet is to launch into the heavens. Remember the end of the art is to

render men more virtuous; the garden of poetry is dry and arid, unless moistened by the rain of philosophy. And after poetry, let music have its empire over your soul; abandon your delighted ear to all its impressions; let the sweet sounds transport you above the earth; exult in your exaltation! Music, like poetry, paints objects on the mind, expresses the various passions; now touches a chord of self-subduing tenderness—now tears a string, which makes the air tremble with its vibration, and stirs up the warrior in our bosoms! In such moments, who would dare to say, the heart is not in intelligence with the ear?'"

The feeling with which the barber spoke these words, and the vehement gestures which accompanied them, convinced our hero that the shaver of heads was the disciple of a son of Shemseddin. He rejoiced in the discovery, for he had greater need of Hassan's faith than of his physic. He had confidence to repose in him; and he well knew, that in his country at least, the cultivators of literature are the most trust-worthy men in the community;—Sufi's, if you will;

drinkers of wine, and singers of love songs; yet men, who wear not falsehood on their hearts, and friendship on their lips;—a class of men who are never to be found in the circles of the great, whose members are only furnished by the middle ranks.

"Ah, my friend!" exclaimed Mourad, in a tone of great humility, "the words of your mouth are floods of milk and honey, full of the sweetness of Hadramut. Mine, O Hassan! have but a faint flavour of the exquisite water of Rocnabad, whose gelid stream sparkles with inspiration, and to which Hafiz owes immortality. The masters you spoke of have not been my preceptors; I have devoted little time to the study of the sciences of which you are a master.—(Hassan stroked his beard.)—Neither poetry nor music am I versed in; though I may have wept a little over the gazals of Ferdousi, incomparable odes!—and melted over the melodious notes of Gulam, to whom the angel Israfil taught the magic of sweet music. Neither am I skilled like a Ulima, in the jurisprudence of Shafiei; but I have had much occasion lat-

terly to turn over the dry pages of Makatanni, on the law of inheritance; and I have hopes that you may enlighten my understanding on the subject, and throw a gleam or two of sunshine on the object of my research."

CHAPTER VII.

A sick man is an advantage to physicians.

VISHNUSARMAN.

"WERE you acquainted," said Mourad, taking hold of the barber's tunic in a familiar manner, as he addressed him—"with Achmet Effendi, the comptroller of the customs?"

"I was personally acquainted," replied Hassan, "with every hair in his beard; I trimmed it a thousand times."

"He was a good man," continued our hero, "was he not?"

"He did not pay over well," answered the barber.

"But he had the reputation of being a rich man, a man of understanding, had he not?" asked Mourad.

"As for his riches," replied the barber, "his haznahdar can best inform you of the state of his treasury. As for his understanding, my business was with the outside of his head; and I can only tell you, it was the roughest I ever shaved."

"But he had a numerous family, I suppose," said Mourad, in a careless way; "brothers and uncles in abundance."

"If he had," rejoined the barber, "they never came to my shop."

"A harem too, doubtless he possessed," continued our hero; "and a numerous one, I should think, from all you say of his wealth and liberality."

"I said nothing of either," retorted the man of razors; "and moreover, Effendi, a harem is a harem; and haram is the word I speak, when I hear young men talking of harems—which you know, means—it is forbidden."

Mourad perceived the barber was not in the mood to give news that evening; so he had the discretion to press him no further for the present, but proceeded to unbind his arm.

Hassan had two faces for his two professions; a pleasant, smiling one for that of the

barber—a posing, solemn one for the physician's. He put on the latter as he approached the wound, and tucked his sleeves to the elbows. Instead of the common bismillah, which prefaces every operation in Turkish life, the poetic barber commenced his chirurgical proceedings with one of Shamseddin's imitatory invocations —"Bismillahi, abrahnami, abraheimi," he cried out in a sonorous tone—"In the name of the most clement and merciful Allah!" In the Oriental medication of wounds, there is none of Mr. Potts' "impertinence of surgery;" no unnecessary handling of the limb; no painful probing of the part, whether a bone be broken into a thousand shivers, or some extraordinary body be imbedded in the wound, the treatment is equally judicious, that is to say, equally unobtrusive. The skilful barber simply put the palm of his hand over the injured part in the middle of the arm; and with his other hand, gently shook the patient's wrist, and then his elbow. He then removed his fingers, and stood gazing for some minutes on the arm before him, without addressing a syllable of information to the anxious patient.

"For the sake of the blessed apostle," cried Mourad, "tell me what you think of the injury."

"Think!" replied the chirurgion, "what necessity is there for thinking? God's above all! bone is bone."

This highly satisfactory opinion of course set the patient's mind at rest; for the words were uttered in so decisive and solemn a tone, that all further inquiry was precluded.

"But, my good hakkim," said our hero, "how long may it take you to cure me? Allah is Allah, and bone is bone, as you very properly remark; but business is business, and a sojourner in a strange country cannot afford to be long sick. In short, with the help of the prophet, I must be healed forthwith."

"If it please God, you shall be," replied Hassan; "you may, or you may not, be cured before morning. If things are as I imagine things to be, you will get well, unless indeed it be written otherwise in the great book. A hakkim, Effendi, is a man favoured by heaven: he can do much; he could make a man swallow a mountain, if it were possible; but there are

two or three little things which even the learned physician, produced by churning the ocean with Mandara, would find it difficult to perform; to stop the tide with a stone wall; to check the flight of time by nailing the sun's shadow to a dial, and to arrest the progress of disease by the untimely interference of physic. All things have their course, celestial and terrestrial; and in watching their career, time and place are to be attended to. It is the business of a physician to discover when remedies are to be applied, to wait for the propitious hour, and to know where they are to be sought; for maladies grow in the body, and medicines in the field."

"But, my good hakkim," said Mourad, with some little impatience; "this is a bruise, and has nothing to do with the inside; it has nothing in common with the blood and the bile, and needs no internal remedies. I beg of you to lose no time in applying some healing unguent."

"I cannot blame you," replied the barber, "for being ignorant of the first principles of our art; it has never been your good fortune to have studied Abou Sina, or to have learned the

philosophy of physic from the page of Sheik Daoud; else would you have known better than to say a bruise has nothing to do with the blood or bile. Do not both circulate in your veins? why is a bruise of a red colour?—because the blood has got to it. Why does it become green and yellow?—because the bile is flowing into it. What fool, born in 'the time of ignorance,' was it, who advised you to use vinegar to the part? Was he not aware that bile is hot as fire, and vinegar as cold as ice? Thank heaven, that, having tried the application, you have survived the dreadful conflict of such opposite elements. What! apply vinegar to a bruise?—why it was enough to corrode the bone itself. Do not acids dissolve metals, even gold, the heaviest of all, and the most beautiful?"

"A physician's hint," thought Mourad, "and one that must be taken, if I am to hear an intelligible sound about my wound, or to have an available remedy for my speedy cure."

"For a cup of coffee, hakkim," said our hero, putting two gold pieces into the barber's palm; "cure me if you can in three days, you shall have twelve pieces more; but every day after

the third, I must deduct a fee from the dozen."

"May your noble house ever flourish, Effendi," said the barber, pocketing the coin; "I did not mean to remind you of the fee; but God's will be done, your words are my law. In this little box," continued he, "there is a certain balsam, produced by a certain tree, which grows in a certain garden, the properties of which are healing, heating, and cementing; and this precious balsam, and a couple of strips of pasteboard, are all, under Providence, that are required to make you whole."

The balsam and the pasteboard were accordingly applied; the patient congratulated himself on the discovery of a talisman for divesting a physician of his jargon; his only anxiety now was to find another for extracting information from an uncommunicative barber. I must talk to him of the seven elegies, thought he, or I shall never get into his soul. A physician is to be purchased with gold, but a rhyming barber is only to be bribed with poetry.

He accordingly launched out into the glories of the "Gulistan;" repeated an entire ode, de-

scriptive of the loves of the rose and the nightingale; how the gentle lover flew to the bower of beauty when the raven of night had disappeared, and warbled the wild notes of passion on the ear of the morning, till "he rent the veil of the slumbering rose-bud" with his musical vows, and startled his mistress, who blushed at the surprisal, for the jasmine stood bathed in dew by her side, and the locks of the violet were peering over her head, sparkling with the glittering drops of the morning.

Mourad went on reciting the love song with all the effect which a melodious voice, an ear-thrilling tone, and a sigh-heaving bosom, could give it.

The tears of delight gushed from Hassan's eyes as he listened to the gazal, or ode of his favourite Jami: he embraced the young Effendi in his transports, called him his friend, and swore by the beard of Shemseddin, he recited poetry like the sweet-spoken angel Israfil; and deserved to have his mouth crammed with bergoots and sugar-plums.

"Poor Achmet!" replied Mourad, "often told me the same; but it was his kindness, as it

is yours, (may your condescension never be less,) which magnified the merit of my recitation. By the way, talking of Achmet reminds me of your intention to give me some information concerning his house and family. Poor Achmet was a very dear friend of mine, and if you were inclined to do me a service, and, perhaps, your little boy a benefit, you would give me the intelligence I solicit; and prove to me you are worthy of the confidence which I am about to repose in you. You must know, Hassan," continued our hero, "that poor Achmet—to whose soul God be merciful!—was formerly the servant of my father"——

"What!" cried the barber, interrupting our hero, "surely the comptroller of the customs is not dead, that you speak in that melancholy voice?"

"He has given the account," continued Mourad, "to the two-lived angels. He is in paradise, for I doubt not his examination passed off well; and the ninety-nine dragons, which gnaw the corpse of the murderer and the villain in the grave till the day of judgment, had no business with his remains.

"I happened to be in Smyrna, when the dear friend of our house was taken ill; he summoned me to his bed-side, for he loved me more than all the world beside, and I loved him with a reciprocal affection. 'My friend,' said he, in a hollow tone of voice, which shocked my very soul, 'I am afflicted with a grievous sickness, a burning fever in the blood'"——

"Did they not put hot cataplasms on his head?" exclaimed the barber.

"They did," continued the narrator, "but they were of no avail.—'I am getting worse and worse,' said he, 'my temples throb and my brain burns; I feel as if my veins ran lightning'"——

"Why, in the name of the apostle, (to whose tribe be honour,)" cried Hassan, "did they not give him bark and hot brandy to cut the fever short?"

"Alas!" said Mourad, "the hakkim was not a Hassan: he did, to be sure, pour boiling sherbet and syrup of sulphur down his throat, but it did him no good: he grew hotter and hotter, till, at last, his cheeks became red hot; and I fancied, almost, I could have lit my pipe

with the flame of his eyes.——'Ah! my good friend,' continued he, putting his burning hand in mine, 'hot as I am now, I shall soon be cold enough.' 'Allah forbid!' I exclaimed, throwing another blanket over him, and shutting out every breath of air, by closing the thick curtains round his head. 'Allah forbid! my dear Achmet, that it should be so bad with you as you imagine. Your disorder is a hot one, it is true, but if we can only keep out the cold air, I have no doubt you will get well. Take another draught of the warm sulphur,' said I, lifting up the heavy clothes, from which a vapour, like that of an oven, issued, as I handed to him the smoking goblet: he endeavoured to drink, but I observed the difficulty of the attempt: he sighed as if his heart was bursting with fulness, and I felt the heat of his breath scorching my cheek as I bent over him. The doctor was putting another hot cataplasm on his head, his face was full in my view, it was the broad red sun blazing in the midst of a south-east wind. 'Yes, Achmet,' said I, 'if it please heaven, you will get better; when the weather becomes warmer, you will surely mend.'

'Ah! my friend,' he replied, 'I fear I shall never be better; the angel of death is hovering over my head; his visit is not to be deferred. While I have yet strength, I would wish to arrange my worldly affairs; I have much property in Canea, and that portion which I can will away from my house and harem, namely, the one-third, I desire to bequeath to you; go fetch a writer to take down my words.' I would fain have disobeyed my friend, but his tone was peremptory; I was forced to bring the malim. I leave you to imagine my distress while the document was preparing; to picture my grief for the loss of one whom I venerated so much; to form an idea of my sorrow, when I assure you, in the words of Imam Ali, 'the bonds of our mutual love were strong as those which unite brothers.' The will being finished, it was read to him by the scribe; he signed it with his seal in the presence of several witnesses, and putting it into my hand, together with his papers, which I could hardly hold from their intense warmth, (they had been placed under his pillow,) he squeezed my hand. I could not support the fervour of the heat; I released my

fingers, to throw an additional covering on the bed. 'Go, my friend,' said he, 'immediately to Canea, lose no time on your journey; if my women hear of my death before your arrival, they will dissipate my substance.'

"His exhaustion did not suffer him to proceed. I saw him gasp like one who was suffocating. He tried to tear open the curtains; but the hakkim said he was delirious. He held his hands; while the poor fellow cried in his madness—'Air! air! One breath of cold air, for the sake of the prophet!' but of course the doctor and myself paid no regard to his request, in these raving moments. We relaxed not in our attention to his comforts, till the last; keeping doors and windows constantly closed till he expired."

"Allah karim!" exclaimed the barber; "you did all you could for him; and it always must be a consolation for you to think, that in the height of his fever you kept the cold out even to the last."

"It is, indeed, the only consolation I have left," replied Mourad, "beside that melancholy one of carrying the last wishes of my

friend into effect. You must be aware of the delicacy of my situation; of the difficulties I have to encounter with his friends; and of the danger I incur of being defrauded by the women, without knowing something of the characters of those I have to contend with. Son of Shemseddin," he continued, addressing the barber, in one of his most fascinating tones, "it is to you, under the prophet, I look for advice and information in these trying circumstances."

"My brains," replied Hassan, "are wrapped up in the mantle of astonishment. Achmet Effendi dead! and his heir under my roof! this is indeed surprising! Show me his seal to the writing; for though I doubt not your words, I would fain see a living proof of the dead man's generosity."

"Behold it," cried Mourad, producing the document from a heap of papers belonging to the deceased; "now are you convinced?"

"Aye, of a miracle," replied the barber; "his generosity to you is truly miraculous. If ever there was a miser in the world, it was your friend Achmet. Now that I may speak out, without meaning any disrespect to you—I hated

this Achmet in my soul. He laughed at my beard one morning. I was reciting one of the most beautiful gazals of Hafiz. He had no soul for poetry, no ear for music, no eye for flowers, no hand for liberality; he was a dog! Effendi, do not be displeased! No guest ever darkened his door; no music was ever heard within his walls; there was grass in his threshold, and discord in his house: and if report said true, the ashes of remorse lay heavy on his head. His servants whispered strange words about his shrieking in his sleep, and starting at the sight of his own shadow.

"Yet, even to the menials, who knew his infirmities, he was a miser; and they who attended him in sickness found him a niggard. Even when his knees tottered, and his head became ash-coloured, like the plumes of the drizzled ostrich, and his pale lip quivered, and the staff which supported him trembled in his hand—even then the vessel of covetousness, his beggarly heart, continued insatiate. He was a miser, and the poor would be unrevenged, if his heir was not a spendthrift. Do not frown, Effendi; if you spent all his substance in a month, and died the

next, you might be buried beside him without prejudice to his ashes; for 'what difference,' as Tarafa says, 'is there between the grave of the miser, who gasped over his hoard; and the tomb of the libertine, who died in voluptuousness? the sepulchres of both are two heaps of earth, surmounted by two piles of marble.' And now, Effendi, I will show you my inclination to serve you. You have a difficult game to play, and have need of all the information I can give you. Achmet's harem is ruled by a she-dragon, whose one head is filled with more wickedness than the ninety-nine of that other one which gnaws the members of the unjust till the day of judgment. She is a Stambouline sultanum, proud as a peacock, cunning as a fox, furious as a wild cat, and venomous as a viper—this is one side of the book; the other is written in two words: she is forty years of age, and wishes to pass for seventeen—do you hear me?" said the barber.

"I do," replied our hero; "I drink every word."

"And moreover," continued Hassan, "she

has a mortal apprehension of small-pox, having lost one of her slaves by that distemper some years ago: the fear of infection has never ceased to haunt her from that blessed hour. The slave was my patient—the disease was a hot one—I prescribed accordingly; but in spite of all the warmth we could apply, both within and without, she died, poor thing, a terrible object.

"So much for the pearl, now for the oyster-shell. In the event of your falling in love with the widow, it were well you had some idea of her person before you woo her, and her impenetrable amsak. Figure to yourself, Effendi, a face the size of the full-moon, mounted on a neck thicker than the ox Balaams, terminating on a mountain, like El Caf, of solid flesh, and the whole gigantic structure supported by two such pillows as sustain the enormous bulk of the great Simorg. Allah defend you from her claws, when you come to rifle the hasnah! Rustam himself, the most valiant of heroes, might tremble at the encounter.

"Further, be it known to you, this light of the harem, this little fawn of beauty, has a daughter, an only child. Half a dozen women

make up the rest of the harem: as to male relatives, you have no opposition to apprehend. Before you stir in the business make a friend of the Cadi: a reasonable man cannot expect to purchase justice, in a case like yours, under five hundred piastres. A virtuous Cadi cannot take less, with any satisfaction to his conscience. Leave the judge to me; I will tell him your story, and make the words of persuasion jingle in his ear at the proper moment: he will expedite your business. If he hints at another purse, I had best not stickle at the bribe: the coffers of the dead miser are full of yellowness. In the meantime be the first to inform the Sittee Zahira that she is a widow: if any thing can procure you a decent reception, it will be this intelligence. Leave not the house, if you can, without taking an inventory of the effects; as to getting your lawful due without the strong enforcement of the law, that is impossible; you need not expect she will give you a single paras."

"Leave the widow to my management, my good friend," exclaimed Mourad; "I have not read the seven elegies to no purpose. A soft

tongue, says the poet, is half the body—a firm heart the other portion; to your especial care I leave the Cadi; tell him a day's dispatch in my affair is worth a couple of doubloons in gold. Away, my friend; tell him, in the words of Ferdousi, 'The dew of my generosity falling on his house, shall render its precincts like the flowery garden of Irem.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

"O, daughter of Mabed, sing my praises, if I am slain, according to my desert, and rend thy breast with sincere affliction."

TARAFA.

THE information of Hassan enlightened the brain of our hero so much, that he resolved on visiting the widow of Achmet that evening.

Stephenaki was now in his service; the courage of the Greek sailor in the hour of danger had gained him the confidence of Mourad, and wherever his master went, there he swore by an oath, excepting that most binding on his conscience, namely, the bones of his ancestors, to follow him faithfully.

Mourad was too much occupied at the time in making the necessary preparations for carry-

ing his scheme into effect, to have any suspicion excited at hearing a Greek talking of faith: he knew he was a brave man, and therefore believed he must be an honest man. It was an unpardonable error in opinion, and betrayed as great a want of knowledge of human nature, as if he had chosen for his servant a man who was more than ordinarily loud in his devout ejaculations in the mosque.

The fault was committed, however; and the occupation of the servant was to watch the arrival of every ship from the Dardanelles, and to give immediate intelligence to his master. He was directed to have the boat ready at a moment's notice, with provisions enough for a three or four day's trip.

The widow of the Armenian was not altogether ignorant of the probability of our hero's sudden departure from Canea, and her only prayer was, to accompany her preserver. The prayer of a widow is generally irresistible, especially when the supplicant is an object to look upon with complacency, as well as with compassion.

Now, the widow Miriem was a comely, buxom

widow, in the heyday of youth and beauty; confessing only to nineteen summers, in the enjoyment of a large jointure, and exceeding any lady in Hassan's harem, in weight and loveliness, by two stone.

These were qualifications of no ordinary magnitude, which could not fail of giving a momentum to importunity, and making supplication and compliance consecutive. But our hero, nevertheless, laboured to resist the overwhelming influences. He had a mistress in his heart, whose image was impressed on all its imaginations; and he had a flight in contemplation, in which the incumbrance of a widow, by no means sylph-like in her form, would be a great impediment. He prevailed on the fair lady to forego the peril of another voyage in an open boat—he whispered something in her ear about being in possession of her address, and of meeting her elsewhere—he informed her of so much—he stood like the statue of Harpocrates, enforcing silence with a finger on his lips. The poor widow was quite unwomaned by the cruelty of the command—she wept, because she could not speak—she sighed, because she was deprived

of words. The cruel young Turk went about his business, no common weight of which was on his hands that very evening; business, whose failure or success made all the difference between ruin and riches—the defeat or triumph of final vengeance.

He proceeded to the dwelling of the widow of his murdered victim, to the house of his late mortal enemy, in whose blood he had sought the reparation of a father's death, and a mother's ruin; and in possessing himself of whose wealth, he believed he was giving another wound to the soul of the deceased miser.

"How lucky was it," he said, as he went along, "that I discovered the papers that terrible night in the skull-cap; and the seal on the finger of the corpse, whose warm flesh (never shall I forget it) was yet quivering as I dragged off the ring from the swollen joint. O be this a propitious hour, ye all-seeing stars, for the completion of revenge; and thou, O prophet! (whose name be glorified) to whose favour I owe my former triumph, once more endow my breast with courage to carry me through my present dangers. 'Clothe my feet in the cun-

ning of the fox, steep my tongue in the honey of the wasp, that I may repay perfidy with its own poison." On the same principle that a pious bandit of Terracina, abstaining from a robbery till he asks permission of the Madonna—that a Greek prefaces perjury with a salutation of his rosary—the young Moslem addressed his prophet, before he commenced plundering the abode of a woman who had done him no injury.

He felt his heart fluttering in his bosom as he passed the threshold of his father's deadly foe; every thing he gazed on appeared to swim round as he entered the detested house. A servant showed him into one of the lower apartments, who informed him that his master was from home, and that if he had any business with him, he must go to the malim Anhouri, his secretary.

"My business," replied Mourad, "is of a private nature; I would speak with the confidential slave of the harem."

The servant stood deliberating for some minutes, before he ventured to carry a message from a stranger to the women's apartment; but

his indecision was removed by the cough of some invisible person, whom Mourad supposed to be the mistress; for the servant instantly disappeared. It is common enough for the ladies of the harem to have a peep-hole into the men's divan, and to see and hear what goes on there through a convenient chink in the wall, or an aperture in the ceiling. Mourad was not left long in suspense. An aged Abyssinian slave made her appearance, who said she was the favourite woman of her mistress, and would carry any proper commands to her.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mourad, "I should send any other. I have too high a respect for your young mistress," continued he, elevating his voice, "I am too well acquainted with her exalted rank and dignity, although I never had the good fortune to behold her beauty, to send any but a proper message to her. Alas! the tidings I have to send to her are those of sorrow—the tale I have to tell her is one of grief [another cough was heard]. Bid your amiable mistress prepare her mind for fatal news [two coughs in succession]. Implore her,

my good woman—do not be in such a hurry—to call up all the fortitude of her noble nature—entreat of her——"

Here the coughing became so violent, that every stone in the walls appeared labouring under a catarrh; the slave ran out of the room, and Mourad had leisure to prepare for the interview he had to expect. In a few minutes he was summoned to the upper apartments, where he found the lady in a spacious saloon, seated in the place of honour, the corner of the couch, veiled not only with the ordinary amsak, but also with a white cloth, which covered her entire person.

Mourad approached the august personage with marked respect—his feet were uncovered, his hands concealed in the long sleeves of his antery, and folded with great humility over his breast. The lady desired him to be seated, a command which he obeyed with admirable modesty, and then was salaamed by the invisible sultana.

The courtesy with which he pressed his right hand, not only to his heart and lips, as he returned her greeting, but even bowed it to the

ground, and then raised it to his crown, showed the polish of Stamboul breeding, and the extent of his respect.

"Oh! beautiful sultanum," said he, in the softest of his insinuating tones, "how shall I find light words for the intelligence which lies heavy on my bosom? How can my tongue be instigated to the cruelty of rending the mantle of your heart? Alas! exalted lady, there is no horror your soul can picture worse than that you have now to hear. Allah! Illah! why has the duty devolved on me? Mahomet Rasur! Allah! why did I undertake it? Oh! tender-hearted Sittee, how will your young bosom bleed when I inform you that——alas! I cannot proceed; pardon me, most amiable of women, I will retire for the present; when I am more composed, and you, my young mistress, more resigned, I will return and tell you all. Heaven give you comfort!"

"Stay, man!" cried the lady, in a voice of thunder, "and speak the terrible words. What ashes have fallen on my head, that you torture me with these daggers of suspence? Better is it to plunge them all at once into my soul, than

to be tearing up every separate heart-string with their points. Is my husband in disgrace? Has the Sultan sent you for his effects? Are you his Capidgibashi?"

"Worse, my sultana—much worse. I am no executioner, as you imagine—the bearer of no fetfah, as you suppose, for his substance—disgrace had nothing to do with the head of Achmet—alas! my young lady—he is dead!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the widow. "Are you sure, young man, he is dead—quite dead—or is my poor husband only sick? You are quite certain it is he—Achmet—the son of Abdriman—the husband of Zahira—the comptroller of the customs—dead—dead did you say!—perfectly dead! Allah akbar! can it be true? Oh! wonderful news! Oh! merciful Allah! thy will be done! Who would have thought it! So lately alive, and now dead! Oh! dreadful world!—a man so strong, so soon taken from his wife! One so lately in health, now stone dead!"

Mourad during these exclamations looked confounded. He expected to hear sobs and groans, to see the distracted widow rolling in hysterics

on the divan. Instead of that he beheld a widow more philosophical than a Sufi, whose only dread appeared to be, that it was not the right man who was dead; and, if the right man, that he was not dead enough, even stone dead. The woman had been taken off her guard by the first shock of astonishment at the intelligence: she had now time to play the part of the widow; and she did it to the life.

"O! pardon me, Effendi," she cried, as she rose from the divan, "grief has overpowered me—I am unable to remain—I must go and weep in the other room; I must send for the best mourners in the town. No expense shall be spared on the melancholy occasion. O dear, O dear! what a terrible stroke of destiny is this, why have I lived to see it! Ho! slaves within there! strike up a lamentation for your lord. El le leu! el le leu! Your excellent master is dead;—you're quite sure, Effendi, it is my husband. Ho! raise the house with your cries—bewail the loss of your generous master! El le leu! el le leu! el le leu! bring ashes for me to throw on my head. O! el le leu! leu! leu! fetch me my ferigee,—not my last one,—that I

may rend it from top to bottom. Where is my poor husband, and why did he leave me? El le leu! leu! leu! O! why has he left his horse, and his camel, his house, and his garden, his true and faithful wife, and his daughter, his slaves, and his servants, allah hu! allah hu! why has he got up from the banquet, and left none to replace him? El le leu! leu, leu! why has he abandoned his harem to darkness, and taken the light of his presence from the silent chamber! O! el le leu! el le leu! el le leu! O blessed prophet, be gracious to his wife and his daughter, and his slaves, and his servants, to all of us, for the habitation of Achmet is desolate, the place of the fond husband is empty, the divan of the kind master is vacant: up with the lamentation; hu! hu! el le leu! el le leu!"

"O Guzel Sultanum," exclaimed Mourad, "moderate the transports of your grief. Scar not the beauty of your cheeks with the scalding tears of unavailing sorrow. Achmet is in paradise; in the mansion of all good Moslems, in the society of the saints, in the arms

of the celestial houries. Achmet is dead, therefore he is happy. Zahira lives!—wherefore should she weep."

"O, Effendi!" replied the widow, "may your kindness never diminish; there is sweetness in your words; there is a fragrant odour in wise discourses; but all the honey of Berberi, all the musk of Hadramut, cannot stifle or subdue a widow's grief. O! I must weep, Effendi; I cannot help shedding tears. Ah! if you beheld my heart, you would find it broken into fragments of affliction."

"O loveliest of disconsolate widows!" exclaimed Mourad, "if I beheld your face, I would see what Hafiz only fancied—a dew drop trickling over the cheek of a tulip."

Whether the widow irradiated the dew drop with the sunbeam of a smile or not, Mourad could not discover athwart the impenetrable veil; but he certainly heard a sort of chuckle in the throat, which was, probably, an hysterical noise, and had nothing to do with laughter or satisfaction.

"I must leave you, Effendi," said the widow,

" for the present, to make up a befitting lamentation with my household women, and those of my neighbours. Less than two hours cannot be devoted to that sacred duty. At the expiration of that period, if it please you to return, I shall be glad to see you, to learn all the particulars of the melancholy event. But before you go, not to satisfy my curiosity, (for grief has left me none,) but that of the neighbouring women, who will assemble the moment you are gone—pray inform me, has my poor husband made a will, where has he died, and of what disorder?"

" He has made a will," replied Mourad, " which cannot fail to afford the only consolation any earthly consideration can now offer you; he died in Smyrna, and his malady was a certain disorder in the blood, which the physicians called a fever. I was with him to the last; when I return, all things shall be known to you; but, before I leave you, promise me, O sultana! to restrain your grief; youth and loveliness are only impaired by affliction, which can do no service to the memory of the dear

departed." The widow sighed, and "the inspiration of forced breath" passed current for the promise. Mourad heaved another as he thrust his feet into his slippers, and took his leave.

CHAPTER IX.

They say my sultan Achmet was a sea of liberality; happy are they who found it so. As for me, I have plunged into that ocean, and plucked not from the bottom a single pearl.

FERDOUSE.

THE two hours appeared an eternity of time to Mourad. He spent the tedious interval in arranging his papers and reading over the fabricated will, to see that there was no flaw to catch the notice of the hawk-eyed Cadi, without whose interference he feared nothing could be done. It was almost midnight when he returned at the appointed time to the widow. He heard the howling of the women over-head as he entered the house; the Abyssinian slave was in readiness to receive him: she conducted him by a private staircase to the upper apartments,

and having led him to the door of a small chamber she retired.

There was a lamp in an alcove at the end of the room, which gave a miserable light; it barely served to show the gloom, and to make phantoms of the shadows it projected. The deadly silence of the place, was only interrupted by the lugubrious cry of the mourners in a distant apartment, as it arose at intervals, and then died away after a few faint shrieks.

Mourad began to be impatient for the appearance of the widow; fearless as he was, in the midst of danger, of any peril there was light to look upon, he trembled, like most Moslems, at the encounter of his own solitary thoughts in any dark and dreary place. The superstition of the Turks has no poetry to redeem its horrors; gibbering gouls and shrieking gins—tearing open tombs, and mangling human bodies, are the pastimes of their hobgoblins!

The chamber into which our hero was shown, had been that of the murdered Achmet: in one part lay the sword of the deceased; in another, the turban he had lately worn; the counterpart of a shawl which Mourad remembered to have

seen in the subterranean chamber at Chiblak. The object recalled the terrors of that horrible night—the fury of the tempest—when, in the words of Zebeid, "the hand of the North held the reins of the howling wind:"—that hideous night, worse than Amriolkais endured the horror of, when the moon hid her face in the hands of the clouds, and "the stars were prevented from rising, as if they were bound down to a strong cliff by solid cables!"

Imagination conjured up the withered features of the spectre that sat on the stone-coffin, appalling the eye with her haggard looks, and the ear with her terrific song. And while the cries of the mourners again became audible, the death-scene of him for whom the lamentation was making, presented itself before him in all its horrors. Every instant he threw his fearful glance to the door, and then round the apartment, as if he expected to see the festering corpse of Achmet stand before him, fixing his ghastly eye on his assassin, and pointing to his gaping wounds. Now, he beheld him hovering o'er the house, warning the inmates that his enemy was within the walls of the harem—and

now saw his stiffened corpse, drawn up in the horrible array of death, at the door of his hasnah. The crimson side, and the livid lips of his victim, were pictured to his mind's eye; and every starting sinew of those fingers, which were lately extended for mercy, were now swollen into cords on each skinny hand, outstretched for retribution.

"Is this," cried he, arising from the divan, where he sat, burying his face in his hands, "an idle dream of an affrighted soul, or is it a vision from on high, sent to deter me from a deed displeasing to heaven?—It must be the latter: would to heaven I had not entered into this bad business! Better is it I proceed no further."

The voices of women were now heard in the adjoining chamber; the sound of the shrill accents was music to the soul of the listener. "What a fool was I," said he, wiping away the cold drops of perspiration from his forehead, "to tremble like a child at less than a shadow; there is only one God—what should I fear?—and Mahomet is his apostle. Wherefore should I be troubled? If I slew my father's

murderer, was not my vengeance lawful? If I chose not to commute a glorious and honourable revenge, for so much paltry gold, was I not in the right? Is a hasnah of gold to be preferred to the heart's blood of one's mortal enemy?—Min Allah! True it is, the blessed Koran only gives the avenger an option between the sword and the ransom of blood; but was the camp of the enemy who was cloven down in the battle, never plundered by the victorious apostle? (to whom be eternal honour!)—And was the deadly foe of my race less hateful to me than the enemies of Islam to the soldiers of the Imam? Is Achmet the miser dead, while the treasure, which was the life of his soul, is in his hasnah?—No, no, he lives in the coffers of gold; it is there I must pierce his heart, and triumph over the victim of honourable and virtuous revenge!"

It was thus Mourad argued with himself, endeavouring to get the better of an idle apprehension, which, in a foolish moment, he mistook for the suggestions of remorse. Thus ever fear makes the conscience of the Turk, security hath none.

Footsteps approached the chamber. Zahira made her appearance, divested of her outer veil, but still adorned with her amsak; we say adorned, for it concealed her charms, and hers were of that description pourtrayed by the Italian poet,

"Quanto se mostra men' tanto e piu bella."

"Ah! Effendi," said the widow, panting for breath as she waddled to the divan, "I have kept you a long time, but I could not get away from the mourners, who occupy half the house. This little room, which belonged to my poor dead husband, is the only one I had vacant to show you into. It is late, Effendi, tell me in a few words who and what are you, whence you came, how the good man died, and what are the contents of the will. Speak the blessed truth by your soul."

"It is late, as you say, Sittee Zahira," replied Mourad; "truth requires not many words. In honest brevity, I am the son of Suleiman Aga, the Governor of Bournarbashi, whose daughter Zuleika was betrothed to your amiable husband. I came hither solely to give

you the melancholy tidings, and, perhaps, to assist you in the arrangement of my poor friend's affairs. [The widow stared.] I left Smyrna a week ago: the good man died like a true believer: his last words were these—'Heaven protect my poor wife! though we sometimes quarrelled, I forgive her; but if she follow not my last wishes, and act not up to my last will, may the terrible disease of which I die be her punishment.' His malady was a burning fever, which terminated in small-pox. [The widow shuddered.] A horrible complaint, Sittee! replete with scars and blotches. Even the dressers of the corpse shut their eyes when they rolled the body, and stuffed the black mouth with cottin, and filled the nose and ears with camphor. Yes, lady, even he who tied the toes, did it with averted looks."

"O merciful Allah!" exclaimed the widow, "defend me from that dreadful curse; the very name of that horrible disease fills my soul with sickness. Mention it not again, if you would not kill me with the sound."

"I thought it best," said Mourad, "to tell you the whole truth, as you requested; but the

intelligence which follows, is no wise disagreeable. To you, my young mistress, the will gives the full sum which the law allows to a widow with issue, an eighth of the estate. Do not interrupt me. Had there been no issue, your share would have been a fourth. But fortunate is it there are no other wives to divide that eighth part with you. Till I have done speaking you must remain silent. Your daughter, being an only child, has half the property; and here, again, you have reason to be thankful; had there been two, or more daughters, they would have two-thirds of the whole amount to partition. And had there been a son, you know the precept of the Koran—to one male give the portion of two females; and had that son a grandfather instead of a sister, the grandfather would have the sixth, and the son the remainder of the substance. I must not be interrupted. You see, therefore, how lucky it is for you and your daughter, that you have no competitors. And fortunate is it for you, that in me, the residuary legatee, you have a disinterested friend to counsel and assist you."

This was too much for the widow; her heart, which was on her lips for the last five minutes, burst forth at the name of the residuary legatee. She raved, and foamed, and stamped in her fury; and showered a deluge of abuse on the head of the dead miser, as she called him in her rage, and on the beard of the wretch who had robbed her of her right; who had cozened the dying fool out of the residue of the estate which was hers, and ought to be hers, and never should be anothers. "How did she know," she continued, "that the whole story was not an imposition: where was the will of her husband—where his hand and seal—where his papers, and every thing he had with him. Could they be produced? No; she knew they could not. Allah! illah! the Cadi should be sent for. By the beard of the prophet the impostor should not escape! An impudent rogue, to think of defrauding a woman of her rank. Staffer Allah! the soles of his feet should suffer for his audacity."

In similar terms, the raging widow resented the bare mention of a residuary legatee for the space of half an hour; and during the awful period Mourad never opened his lips; he sat

unmoved and unruffled, twirling the tassel of his sword, and opposing the most terrible of all weapons to the fury of a woman, namely, indifference.

When the lady was exhausted, Mourad put his hand slowly in his bosom: he pulled out a large bundle of papers; one of them he produced, and unfolding it with the same imperturbable apathy, he put his finger to the bottom of the scroll, and, presenting it fully to the view of the palpitating observer, he said in a tranquil tone, "Do you know that seal?"

That one question was followed by a loud scream, and a succession of fainting fits, which Mourad endeavoured to rouse her from, by the ordinary remedy of a copious mouthful of water, spurted with violence into the patient's eyes. This delicate mode of restoring animation was followed by its usual good effect; the eye twinkled, and the good omen of a sneeze announced returned sense.

"Do not be moved, beautiful lady," cried the wily Moslem, "by the mild words of inevitable truth. You may send for the Cadi; but the Cadi cannot take the seal off your hus-

band's will; the Cadi cannot deny, neither can you, that these papers are those of Achmet; that these trinkets, which he conjured me, in his dying moments, to put into your hands, were his. The Cadi, my sultana, cannot call me an impostor, as you have done, in a foolish moment of anger; but I will tell you what the Cadi can do—he can be made to remember that your husband was a servant of the sultan's; and you cannot be ignorant that the sultan is the heir to all the substance of his officers: on the other hand, you will please to remember, as the legacies of a true-believer must not exceed the third part of his property, to the prejudice of his heirs; so my poor pretensions are only to that amount. You have to choose between me and the sultan, for your husband's executor. If you are wise, you will let me be your friend, take me to the hasnah, and deal with me as I deserve; for if once the Cadi and the lawyers get into your house, farewell to your substance; better a profligate Kalendar had daily access to your treasures."

The widow had become more composed; she listened with more patience; she spoke with

more mildness; she conducted herself, in short, like a reasonable widow. She begged her visitor to make allowance for her grief, if she said any thing to offend him. She handed him her own pipe; and this act of courtesy was a preface to a small request, that the Effendi would call in a couple of days, and talk over the matter, and arrange it, if it pleased God, amicably.

"Widow Zahira," said Mourad, in a stern tone of voice, "we are not children; neither are we met at this dark hour of night to spend the time in fool's play. In two days' time it might be of little avail to visit the haznah. Now must our business be settled, or to-morrow the Cadi shall arrange it to the disadvantage of both, but especially to yours."

This high tone of the speaker did not at all suit the temper of Zahira—she again relapsed into rage—"Allah, illah!" she exclaimed; "I deserved this indignity, for condescending to speak with one of yesterday; a son of an unknown father; a fellow unfit to kiss the footsteps of my noble family; one whose honour it would be to be trampled on by my mother, the descendant of a green-turbaned sheriffe! Out

of my house, insolent beggar! a dog is more welcome than a vulgar wretch like you!"

"Before I go," replied Mourad, with great coolness, "I must beg to inform you, my honoured mistress, the footsteps of whose noble family I am unworthy to salute with my vulgar lips, that it is a pity the descent from the sheriffe was not by the father's side; for the only true line of ancestry, among the Arabs, who trace their origin up to the Sheriffe of sheriffes, Mahomet himself, is an uninterrupted succession of paternal forefathers. As to my origin, it may not be so low as you imagine; but such as it is, I must be satisfied with it—'had it pleased heaven, I might have been as illustrious as Kais the son of Khaled: had it been the will of the author of my being, I might have been as exalted as Amru, the son of Morthed.' Therefore you have upbraided me unjustly; but I still feel no resentment for the wrong, knowing, as I do, that affliction makes people forgetful of decorum. I still feel compassion for you, when I think of the ruin the Cadi must bring upon your head; when I reflect on that terrible imprecation of my dying

friend, when he lifted up his frightful hands above his disfigured head, (for every feature was patched with horrible dots of blue and crimson,) and prayed to heaven that——"

"For the sake of the most merciful Allah!" cried the widow, in subdued accents, spare my soul the recital of that terrible curse! What would you have? would you leave me a beggar? If it must be, it is so written. You ought to be an honest man; you look like one, and you speak like a man of learning. The third of what we find in the hasnah—you would have the third of the money, is it not?"

"Not so, my sultana," replied Mourad, "of the jewels also."

"And having got your share," said the widow, "you would put that will into my hands, deliver me from the visit of the Cadi, abstain from spreading the rumour of Achmet's death, at least for a few weeks, and give up all further claim to my property, would you not?"

"Be it so," replied our hero, "provided the hasnah has not been ravaged since my last visit, and that you defray the expenses of the long

journey which I undertook solely on your account. In the treasury I will deliver up to you the will, and the papers of your husband, in which you will find various documents essential to the recovery of large sums in the island."

Zahira groaned as she took the key of the hasnah from her girdle. "Follow me," said she, "without noise; the slaves are sleeping in an adjoining chamber, it is as well that this business be unknown."

They entered the strong chamber, the coffers were thrown open, and many a purse of paras and piastres lay within them. "Where is the gold," said Mourad, "and the valuables of your husband? there ought to be much of both."

"The widow fumbled for a long time at a small oak box, ribbed with iron. At length, with an unwilling hand, she raised the lid. "Now," said she, "are you satisfied? all the property he possessed is before you."

There were three bags of sequins, about fifty purses in each, a heap of scattered gold at the bottom, and a red morocco case filled with precious stones.

"One of these, in the first place, is mine," said the impostor: "taking out a heavy bag of sequins."—The widow groaned as if soul and body were separating.—"A third of these jewels are also mine. I think you must say that is a fair division, taking them at random, as I do, without picking out the richest."

"That diamond," cried the widow, snatching up a large diamond from the heap he set apart for his portion, "that diamond was my noble mother's; I would not let it go out of the family for the world."

"Well, take it," replied the plunderer; "but this one I must have for it: and now for the loose gold. These purses of copper money I do not mean to have any part of; in lieu of them, great as is their amount, I consent to take the whole of the scattered gold."

"Min Allah!" exclaimed the widow; "the gold is more than ten times the value: I will consent to a quarter, but not a bergoot more."

"See here, Sittee," replied Mourad, plunging his hand into the chest, "there are three handsfull well heaped, no more; are you willing I take two."

"No!" roared the widow, forgetting the low whisper she had enjoined; "I will die before I consent. One handful, as I live, is all you shall have; take it and be gone, or bring the Cadi when you please, and let the worst come to the worst."

"I'll not be hard with you," said Mourad, dreading a new impulse of her fury; "one, let it be but a full one—there! there! don't touch my elbow—take your hands away—there, that will do! And now, widow, to show you I am an honest man, and one whose actions are worthy of the friendship of poor Achmet, I put into your hands every paper of his, will and all. May they prosper in your keeping! To-morrow, Inshallah, I will come to comfort you, and to counsel you how to act. Keep the death of the good man a secret in the mean time. So long as he is only missing, the law is your protection. The absent, of whom there is no intelligence, cannot be declared dead to their property, till seventy years elapse from the day of their departure from their house."

All this while the expounder of the law was stuffing his gold and gems into his bosom, and

then, taking the bag of sequins under his arm, which was almost as much as he could carry, he commenced salaaming the stupified widow, and approaching the door at the same time: he had just reached it when he felt his arm in the gripe of the she dragon described by Hassan. "What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed he, turning on his assailant; "why is this violence?"

"Tell me by your saint, truly and honestly," cried Zahira, rivetting her eyes on the features of Mourad with an expression of astonishment, half confiding, half suspicious, "tell me by the apostle, is Achmet surely dead?"

"As surely as this dagger, which glitters in my girdle," replied Mourad, "is steel; as surely as this right hand is flesh and blood, your husband is a corpse. Take comfort, widow; to-morrow I have much to say to you for your advantage; at what hour shall I come?"

"You should be an honest man, at least you look like one; go, in God's name, and to-morrow let the Mogreb return hither; fail not for your life."

"Fear not, beautiful Zahira," cried the deceiver, "the subject I detest has been this night discussed and ended. No more of money: to-morrow let us speak of other things; of youth and beauty, blooming as it ever is at sweet nineteen. Suffer me, O gentle fair! to make your soft cheeks and youthful form the theme of my discourse. O do not take your delicate fingers from my forehead; let me press them once more to the crown of my head!"

"Inshallah," cried the widow, "you are a Mejnoun, Effendi; what have you smoked haskis? and are you intoxicated, that you speak to a widow after this manner? I shall be very angry if you do so to-morrow. Be as early as you can, and remember your promise of silence on what has passed."

"Blessings on the sultana of my soul," cried Mourad, as he descended the stairs; "may her condescension never diminish to the most faithful of friends!" and in a second he was in the open street.

CHAPTER X.

Look to the bark: I'll not be long before I call upon thee.

WINTER'S TALE.

"I'LL not get up," cried Stephenaki, "turning himself on his carpet, for any man living, at this time of night. Take your hand, I say, from my shoulder, whoever you are; and let a man have his lawful rest."

"Dog of an infidel," said Mourad, shaking him with still greater violence; "rouse yourself this moment, and leave off your muttering. The morning is dawning, and we must be away before the day lightens more. There is no time, I tell you, for yawning; stretch your lazy limbs when you are in the boat."

"Ma, to theo," exclaimed the Greek, "it is

a hard case a man cannot have a night's sleep. Where do you want to go, (throw me that antery,) at such an unseasonable time? Well, I am getting up; what would you have more? I cannot go to sea without my sherwals. Not have an hour's sleep before I am shook as if a squall had capsized the house. I say, I am ready to go; but I'll not be called a dog by any Turk breathing; infidel, indeed, heaven knows which of us. You need not stand frowning at me—did I call you an infidel?"

"No," replied Mourad, "you dare not say so; but whatever you think, for the sake of the prophet, (I mean for the sake of your ancestors,) hurry on your clothes. If I have disturbed you, I will pay every hour I have curtailed of your repose. That's a brave fellow, that countryman of your's whose tomb you showed me on the promontory of Sigeum, as you called it; he would be ashamed of his descendant, where he to see him rubbing his eyes when he was ordered to march."

By this time Stephenaki was equipped, the luggage was packed up, and they were on the point of starting for Suda, where the boat was

hauled up on the dry land, when Mourad remembered he was leaving the Armenian's widow in an awkward predicament, without money or friends, in a strange country. He had promised her assistance, and he was now in a better condition to fulfil that promise than when he made it. He enclosed a dozen sequins in a scrap of paper, and directing the package to Miriam, he deposited it on the divan, trusting to a casual visit of the lady for its reaching her hands, as well as to the the honour of Hassan, whom he had liberally paid for his lodging the preceding evening. The sun was just kissing the cold white brow of Mount Ida, as they reached the bay; it was a dawn for a Zabian to worship his glorious planet on the peak of that mountain, which still bears the name of the father of all the gods, "the mountain of Jupiter." There might "the child of the sun" behold the grand luminary in all his gorgeous splendour, slowly emerging from his ocean bed, and brightening as he arose from sea to sky, till his beams, no longer bounding the horizon, streaked the high clouds with burnished gold; and lighting up the heavens, irradiated the

joyful earth. There might he have beheld his new-born idol dispensing light and beauty on the world beneath, adorning the valley with glittering dew-drops, and clothing the rugged sides of savage rocks with streaming light, and purple floods of liquid beauty.

There might he look down on the masses of gloom, marking the various towns and villages which speckled the coast here and there, and wonder at the insignificance of mosques and mansions diminished to the size of mole-hills. As the brilliant god towered in the heavens, he would behold the grey mist of the morning rolling over the tops of the houses, and structure after structure shining more distinctly, as the white walls became more dazzlingly conspicuous.

There, as he bowed down at the altar of light, had a Moslem refuted the error of his faith, and pushed conviction home at the point of his cymetar, the poor Zabian might have sought the palliation of his idolatry in the effulgence of his planet, and have pointed for his excuse to the glittering corruscation of the

morning diadem, which adorned the pre-eminent luminary.

"A morning like this," said Mourad, as the little skiff was set afloat, "is the omen of a prosperous voyage. It cannot be other than a propitious hour for our departure."

"It's unlucky to praise the weather," replied the Greek, "at the beginning of a voyage. I would sooner hear a landsman whistling on the poop in the midst of a hard gale. Now, Effendi, the luggage and provisions are stowed away, get aboard in the name of God, and help me to push off her head there from the beach."

In a few seconds she was all alive in the water, as tight a little bark as ever danced over the jolly waves. The sail was set, and away she went before a spanking breeze, clearing the harbour in noble style, and keeping under the lee of Candia in fine smooth water.

"Effendi," said the Greek, "as I hold the tiller, perhaps it would be as well to tell me what port I am to steer for."

"Perhaps it would," replied Mourad, smiling; "but till we cleared the bay, I had re-

solved not to let even the fishes, deaf as they are, hear of my destination. Keep her head to Scanderia and Inshallah, we shall get there in safety."

"Scanderia!" grumbled the Greek, "and in an open boat? it is a long voyage in a wide sea."

"Have we not seen," replied the Moslem, "a large ship go down, while this little bark lived amidst the waves, because we were destined to survive a host of dastardly infidels? Does not the same Providence watch over us in this wide sea which preserved us ashore? Is it more difficult for Allah to keep these planks under our feet, than to prevent the floor of our chamber from falling, or the roof from tumbling on our heads? Allah Wakbar, God is every where, and every where he is, goodness is abundant."

The Greek could not help observing how unusually buoyant were the spirits of his master; his eye was all revelry, his lip all laughter, and it seemed as if the liveliness of the boat was in unison with the levity of his bosom, and that

his soul was influenced by the same joyous impulse which set the feet of the small spray twinkling in the merry tide.

"For one who has been up so early in the morning, Effendi," said Stephenaki, "you are wonderfully good-humoured; and while I fancy I can trace the shadow of my own frowns on the poop of this cockle-shell, I see you smiling on the waves, as if their bosom was the beautiful widow Miriam herself in all her fulness. There you sit, enjoying the freshness of the breeze, with all the hilarity of a young muscle aspiring to the affections of an oyster."

"Or rather, you should have said," replied Mourad, "with all the sprightliness of a pig-nosed porpoise, scudding before the wind, from the advances of an importunate shark; our friend Hassan might not find the simile so poetical as yours; but he would allow it to be more correct. I confess I do feel exhilarated—unusually so; but who would not be joyous on a fine blue sea just rippled by the breeze; and who would not feel a day's delight after such a glorious spectacle as we beheld this morning in the

heavens? but, independently of sea or sky, I see no reason why you, or any man, should be sad, who glides down the stream of life in a well-trimmed boat, with prudence at the prow and discretion at the helm. So long as health is in the hull, and hope over head, the waves of adversity may thunder on the sides, the hoary billows of age may roll under the keel without damage or danger. You may smile, but my words are no less true; the haven of prosperity is open to every man, who has the courage to make for it through the difficulties which surround him. He who is not happy in this world, deserves not to be so."

Here Stephenaki, who was not the most polished of the descendants of Themistocles, laughed outright.

"Ma to theo, Effendi!" he exclaimed, "these are the words of a Theriaki. None but the brains of an opium-eater ever harboured the opinion, that every man who struggled to be rich was wealthy, and every poor devil, who deserved to be prosperous, was happy. Look at the world—who are its magnates? who its bankrupts?—the proverb of your countrymen informs you—'affluence is not always the portion

of the active: wealth flows abundantly to fools, and fortune looks with coldness on the clever man.'"

"Alas! Effendi," continued the Greek, "if our deserts made our success, many a rayah might be seated in the presence of a proud Effendi."

Mourad affected not to understand the drift of the observation; he was on too good terms with the world and himself, to be easily annoyed.

"You speak like a foolish man, Stephenaki," said he, "the lazy and the weak-minded ever lay the fault of their adversity at the door of destiny; but the summit of prosperity is approached by a path too rugged for their footsteps, and is only to be attained by those who have ardour enough to support them in the ascent. By the beard of the prophet, I think it would be an easy matter to draw tears of gold from the peering eyes of a miser, with skilful words—to wring a purse from the soul of an Imam by soft discourse—and to win the protection of the mufti's wife without a shawl or a necklace. Yes, by the soul of my father, I think it would be possible with the

money of the one, and the patronage of the other, to reach the high post of Reis Effendi, if I only set my heart on the office. Nothing, Stephenaki, in this great world is wanting to ambition, but sufficient boldness, continually instigated, and perpetually encouraged by enthusiasm."

Stephenaki shook his head. "Well, well, Effendi," said he, "I dare say you think so now you are a young man; but in ten years time, you will think very differently."

Four days after they had lost sight of Candia, the coast of Egypt hove in sight; a low, sandy wilderness, dreary and desolate as far as the eye could reach, with a sultry vapour, rolling over the plain, and obscuring the yellow shore.

"Allah, wakbar!" cried Mourad, "is this the garden of the world, the fertile valley of the Nile, the granary of the universe, the land overflowing with plenty; celebrated from the extremities of Rei and Rum, to the confines of China; for the wonders of Pharoon and Salheddin? Soul of the sultan! can this be the country of Haroun el Raschid, the most polished of the children of light, the government of Mo-

hammed Ali, the giaour pacha, more famed for generosity than the prince of princes, Hatem Tai."

"The desert before you," said Stephenaki, is Egypt; a small strip of it is watered by a river, which fertilizes the soil, on either side, for four or five miles of its whole extent. The pestiferous city of narrow lanes, which is called Grand Cairo, was the seat of government of that Haroun el Raschid, who plundered his peasants to make princes of his poets, and is now the store-house of a great dealer in beans and cotton, who monopolizes every thing in the land, from a grain of rice to a mountain of manure; who drives a bargain with a Jew, on the throne of Salheddin; and who, surrounded by sordid counsellors and knavish Europeans, exhausts his revenues in building ships he does not want, and maintaining armies he is persuaded are to rival Buonaparte. I speak of this Hatem Tai of modern times 'the prince of princes, Mohammed Ali, the hucksterer of hucksterers.'"

They now discerned a dark object a-head, a couple of leagues distant, which proved to be the pillar of Pompeii; but it was not till they

were close under the land, that they could recognize any object. The coast of Egypt is so flat, that the land is barely to be seen before the vessel is in shoal water.

"Now, Effendi," said Stephenaki, "we may say our voyage is completed; in a few minutes more we shall be over the boghass at the mouth of the harbour. It was an adventurous voyage in such a pitiful craft; that sack of money in the bottom was enough to swamp her.

"Gold, is it not, Effendi? I am sure nothing else could weigh so heavy."

"I thought," replied Mourad, "I told you I never suffered people to ask me impertinent questions; whether it be gold or silver it matters nothing to you; 'tis enough to know that I am well satisfied with the service you have done me, and mean to reward you handsomely for it."

"May your kindness increase, Effendi," said the Greek, "I never doubted your liberality. In serving you faithfully so far, I have only done my duty. But I trust to give a fur-

ther proof of my attachment to you and your noble race, whose rayahs we are, to show you how much we respect you, superior as you are to us in every thing. Ah! yes, Effendi, we are poor, I grant, and oppressed, perhaps, a little too much, but still we have much reason to be grateful for being permitted to live and breathe. Alas! we have nothing but our faithful love to offer our masters, our honest affections, and devoted loyalty."

"Stuff, man!" replied Mourad, "do you think you are talking to the Stamboul Effendi, or the mufti, about your character:—enough of that!"

"As you please, Effendi," replied the submissive Greek; "we are now passing over the boghass; but the wind is coming to blow so freshly off the land, that it will be impossible to make the harbour before sun-set; yonder little cave, with the narrow entrance, is a diminutive port, frequented by craft like ours; it is about six miles from the harbour of Scanderea; and those caves in the rock, on the side of it, are the famous baths of Cleopatra. We

will just enter the little port, and get down the sail, if you desire it; we will try and pull up to the harbour, but it will be a tiresome job."

They entered the little creek, and when the boat touched the shore, our hero could not forbear jumping out, and stretching his cramped limbs on the much-wished-for land.

"These excavations in the rock are the baths I told you of," said Stephenaki; "it was here the beautiful queen of Egypt was wont to lave her immortal form. I must go in and have a peep at them myself, when I take down the sail, and just take a run to yonder yawning caverns, the celebrated Catacombs, whose gloomy entrance you see above there."

Mourad was no antiquarian, but he could not avoid entering the baths, as they were called, of the queen of Egypt; had they been the king's, very probably his curiosity would not have led him to them. He saw no vestige of the immortal bather in the first chamber; he observed a passage to a second—he explored

it likewise, but the sight of four bare walls was all that repaid him for his trouble. After bathing his hands and face in the clear water which half filled the apartment, he returned to the creek.

"Angels of Paradise, who guard the four corners of the tent of the Apostle, defend me from treachery," he cried, gazing on the spot where he had left the bark, and where it was no longer. "Stephenaki!" he exclaimed, in the wild accents of terror, "where is the boat? Answer me, villain, where have you got to?"

Still calling on the name of Stephenaki, he rushed down to the beach. Gracious powers! what was his horror at beholding the boat, with full press of canvass, flying before the wind, in the direction of the boghass, and already at gun-shot distance from the shore.

The first impulse of madness brought him knee-deep in the surge, with both arms outstretched, as if he would have grappled with the traitor. He stood gazing on the bark—his eye-balls starting from their sockets—his mouth

unconsciously open—and his heart fluttering in his bosom.

Not a syllable escaped his lips; there he stood transfixed with horror, the death-like statue of despair.

CHAPTER XI.

Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk; you have hurt him on the shoulder.

KING HENRY VI.

THE dearly-earned plunder of Suleiman and Achmet, for which life had been risked and reputation ruined, in the clap of a hand was lost for ever. The treasure of gold and jewels, which was large enough to make a competency for existence—to purchase the possessor rank and honour, was snatched from his soul ere he had leisure to count the glittering items. Whatever was the crime by which they had been acquired, the unlooked for bereavement, the sudden deprivation, was a thunderbolt to the loser—a death-blow to the prospect which a youthful imagination, warm and ardent, had pictured to itself of opulence and aggrandize-

ment—of house and harem—embroidered suits—richly caparisoned horses—slaves and servants—and all the paraphernalia of the divan. In a moment of time, all these were within the reach of the dreamer, and he only awoke to find himself a beggar. Vain was the haste with which he approached the walls of the city, breathing no earthly sound as he hurried along the shore, but the unceasing cry of fool! fool! fool! On reaching the gate of the Mahmudie, he ran to the sea-side, and, accosting an Arab boatman, he demanded his bark, to cross the boghass; threats, entreaties, promises, followed in succession. The word boghass was the only one the Arab understood. The flurried manner of the Moslem, and the impetuosity of his speech, so unusual in a Turk, surprised the boatman, but when he heard talk of the boghass, whose perilous bar no pilot in Scanderia would attempt at night-fall, he began to think the young Effendi was either mad or drunk, or perhaps both. Instead of replying to Mourad, he laughed at his application.

"Dog of a kafir!" cried the enraged Moslem, springing at his throat, and dashing

him to the ground with such terrible violence that the blood issued in torrents from the mouth and nose of the unfortunate poor wretch. "There, son of a pessavink!" he exclaimed; "let that teach you how you laugh another time at the beard of a Turk: better, you dog of an Arab, that you had played with the mane of a raging lion."

The poor boatman lay stiff and motionless, covered with gore; a mob of his companions collecting around him, and jostling and hooting the assailant, but not daring to resent the assault on their associate by any actual outrage.

Mourad had never heard or read of such a thing as a rabble of swarthy Arabs daring even to wag their tongues at a Stambouline Osmanli. He bore with their insolence but for a very short period; they talked of the pacha, and the governor, and the courbash; the threat stopped there, for rushing in amongst them Mourad spread universal consternation, laying around him right and left. Happy were they who were able to fly fastest, ill-starred the poor wretch who came within his blows. He finished the conflict by seizing the last luckless fellow who

limped behind, and raising him bodily by the small of the back, he dropped him down the side of the wharf and turned away. The victory was incomplete. The foe was routed; but the guard was at his elbow. Ere he had time to collect himself he was surrounded by a score of soldiers, and without the ceremony of a question, was marched off to the police-station at the corner of the next street. There sat the magistrate soldier who decided cases of assault and battery, extortion and petty larceny. Mourad was dragged before him, charged with beating one man, throwing another over the wharf, and maltreating a host of inoffensive boatmen.

"A serious charge," said the justice, depositing his pipe by his side. "Are any of the people injured?"

"Yes, Effendi," said a soldier, "one man is almost killed."

"Allah illah!" exclaimed the justice, twisting his fierce mustachoes; "this is a head affair: the Cadi must have this case. Are you drunk, man? Speak, madman."

"If it please you, Effendi," replied the culprit, "I am not drunk, neither am I mad."

"What!" cried the justice, neither mad nor drunk. How came you then to make war on all the boatmen in the harbour? Who gave you leave to lift your hand against true-believers?"

"Am I not a Turk?" cried Mourad, with more vehemence than he had yet exhibited; "and are not the dogs who insulted me, Arabs?"

"Wallah Magnoun!" cried the justice: "as Allah lives the man is mad. How long have you been in Scanderia that you are yet thinking of Stamboul, that you know not the least of the fellahs of the Pacha's people is more precious to his highness than a swaggering Osmanli like you. Away with him to prison! Away with the Delibashi, the prince of madmen."

"Throne of the prophet!" cried Mourad, in a voice of thunder; "is this justice? will you not hear me before you send me to a dungeon?"

"Away with the wine drinker," roared the man in authority; "his senses are stupified—he knows not what he says. If he resist, give him

the courbash; but the knave is too drunk to-night to receive the punishment of intoxication: he should have the forty stripes on the spot: it will do to-morrow. Away with him to prison."

The culprit was thrust out of the apartment, and dragged to the dungeon, a gloomy vault beneath the guard-house. As he entered the horrid place, the lamp of the jailer showed a group of squalid wretches huddled together, the victims of crime and poverty. He shuddered at the sight; but the appalling view was soon taken away: the iron-cased door creaked on its screaming hinges, the massy bolt was again drawn on the outside, and the last gleam of light was gone. It was the first time our hero was thrown in the miserable company of low-lived vice; and though he shrunk from the contact with deferential horror, communication was unavoidable; wretchedness became known to him he never dreamt of, wickedness that had never entered, before that night, into the imagination of his heart with all its errors. Disgusted as he was, his ear became insensibly familiar to the sounds of vulgar infamy; his soul

became imperceptibly accustomed to the contemplations of squalid misery, accompanied, as it ever is, by base-born depravity. That most fatal of all knowledge to the young and the ill-directed, he gained that night—that of the degradation of human nature. From that dark knowledge the picture of life received a hue sombre as the subject of mortality itself, and while he gazed on the gloomy figures of the group, he became familiarised with the objects he lately loathed to look upon. In the language of an Arab poet, "Shame and sorrow had become his guests; he perceived not their entrance, but he had to weep over their acquaintance with bitterness of heart."

"Well, companion," said one of the prisoners to Mourad, as the jailer barred the door, "what are you here for?"

"Reptile!" cried the new comer, "who do you call companion? Dogs seeks their companions in the kennels"——

"And thieves," replied the inquirer, "look for theirs in the dungeon. But I suppose you are a proud rogue, who did business on a large scale, and despise poor devils of petty stealers

like us. One who praises the prophet's beard, (blessed be his memory!) because he is not a paltry pilferer; who says the namez five times a day because he plunders by the purse, while we filch by the para; who wipes his mouth with a golden napkin, and says Allah is propitious, because he robs on the high road at noonday, while we sneak into houses by twilight, and are thankful enough for an amber pipe. Allah be good to us! not call you companion; what brings you here if you are not one of us?"

"Let daylight," exclaimed Mourad, "but give one gleam into this infernal place, and I will scatter every dog of you piecemeal about these hungry walls."

There was a dead silence for some minutes in the dungeon. At length the same impudent knave, who ruffled the temper of our hero, again addressed him, but in an humbled tone.

"Wallah hawadgi," said he, (a term equivalent to the Turkish Effendi,) "I did not mean to offend you; I only desired to know your profession, whether murder, or sedition, or only

simple robbery. But since you choose to be silent, kef hawadgi, have your pleasure. I dare say some of my other companions will consent to pass away an hour on a floor where one dare not sleep for the rats, with some accounts of the unpropitious events which brought them here. To set a good example, I mean to commence.

"I never stole," said the prisoner, "as much as a pipe of tobacco before I was twelve years of age. I was naturally honest; and as long as my parents had bread to give me, I was naturally dutiful. But they became poor, and I became disrespectful. I felt the pinchings of hunger, and very soon afterwards I felt a propensity to steal bread. I ascertained in a very little time, that a man who can steal bread can likewise steal meat. I began with a skewer of kibab—I ended with an entire sheep. My parents, good people, gave me all the encouragement I deserved: they buried the provender I stole in the sand; they dressed what we wanted every night, and sold the surplus to the neighbours in the morning: our family became the fattest in the village. I confined myself exclusively to the provision line; and our busi-

ness augmented daily. My poor father (to whom God be merciful!) when I first commenced trade, used to pat me on the cheek and say, 'yah nooni! yah ahihi!' 'my eyes, my darling:' he was then thin faced and yellow, but when he grew fat cheeked and ruddy, he became saucy and unreasonable. He asked me why I did not steal sheep instead of lambs, and when I brought home sheep he talked about calves. 'Inshallah, father,' said I, 'if it please Allah, you shall have calves too, but beware how you make light of my industry. In two days time we had a couple of calves. 'Ah, my son,' said the old man, 'a calf's a calf, but an ox is a beautiful animal; his eyes stand out with fatness, and there is a fine flavour in his flesh; any fool can steal a calf; but would to Allah you had the wit to drive home a bullock.' 'O! father,' said I, (in my anger) 'have I deserved these words? by whose wit have your lean ribs been clothed with fulness? Allah Wakbar, this is too much to put up with;' and seizing the old man by the girdle, I struck him as I spoke. I was sorry for what I had done the moment I released him. I heard him curse

me as I passed over the threshold; and the sound of that curse is ringing in my ears even now. I must make my peace, said I, with my poor old father; I will steal a fine fat camel fit for immediate slaughter, if I cannot procure an ox; and all will be well. The apostle, honour and praise to him and his noble family, gave success to my good intentions; I rode home on a dun camel, in noble condition, who had been fed in a sugar factory on treacle and sugar-canes. 'O propitious stars,' said I, 'what a delicate morsel for my poor old father,' as I entered the house. 'Behold what I have brought you; the flesh of this animal is more delicate than the ox Balaam; milk and honey have been his food; I stole him from a sugar baker.' 'Why did you not steal a buffalo?' said the old man, gruffly; 'a buffalo's offals are worth more than a stall full of camel's flesh.' I felt my face getting hot, the veins of my neck swelling, my eye-balls rolling like balls of fire. 'Since nothing contents you,' I exclaimed, 'let this, you old fool, bring you to reason;' and seizing on the window-bolt, I struck him thrice over the head: the last stroke sent the old to man the earth—he never rose again.

" I was confounded at the sight. ' Good heavens !' I cried, 'surely the old man cannot be dead; I had no intention of murdering him, Min Allah !'—but murdered he was; and before I recovered from my astonishment, I was in the midst of a hundred screaming women. The sheik of the village was soon in the house: it was almost a relief to be sent to prison, to escape the fury of my own family. When I appeared before the Cadi, I had nothing to say in my defence; but my mother had scraped together a hundred piastres, and had given them to the Cadi's wife, so that my head was left on my shoulders, but my feet were mangled. I received six hundred blows. I was turned out of prison on the wide world, without money or character: to be an honest man was now impossible; and the flogging I had received made me so hardened, or heroical, that I looked upon myself as a martyr, who was persecuted for no other reason under heaven but because he was poor.

" I betook myself to my former calling; but the curse of the old man has followed me incessantly. I have been bastinadoed nine times the

last twelvemonth; and to-morrow, I shall probably get fifty stripes more, merely, for stealing a plate of boiled rice in a cook-shop. But Allah is merciful—I must not repine."

The parricide having finished, another criminal commenced his story.

"The earliest feat I remember of my youth," said he, "was beating a rogue out of the village, who had robbed a chicken-oven: I was so incensed against the fellow, that I verily believe I should have killed him, had I a sword. Blessed prophet! said I, how is it possible there can be such rogues in the world; is it not pleasanter to eat one's own bread, than that of another? And is it not safer to live by industry than by knavery? These rogues must have different natures to mine; they must surely be of another race altogether.

"My father having died, I succeeded to all his property: I need not tell you, it was acquired under the Beys; for since Mohammed Ali has been our pacha, no man has been able to make money, much less to keep what his father made for him. I farmed twenty feddans of the choicest land, in the Faioum, from the

lord of the soil, the mighty pacha. I turned up the earth, and beans and rice came forth in abundance. Praise be to Allah! said I, what a happy world is this! But the soldiers came round, and said, 'Where is the produce of the pacha's land?'—and coming into my house, they found a pilau of rice on the floor. 'Allah,' said they, twirling their mustachoes, 'here is a pessavink, who has the audacity to eat the grain he grows—down with the presumptuous knave, and up with his feet!'

"In the twinkling of an eye, their thick sticks were belabouring my soles; and when they were fatigued with the operation, and I half dead with the pain, they bade me rise. 'Kafir,' said the chief man of them, 'did you imagine your soul was your's, in the land of Mohammed Ali, that you dared to eat his rice? Did you not know, that you were the slave of a generous master, who took the produce of the soil at his own price?'—And with that they measured the stock, and carried it away; giving me an order on the Miri for the sum they were pleased to allow me. It barely paid the expense of cultivation; but when I went to the haznahdar,

he gave but a fourth of the tuskaree in money, and a cheque on a merchant for the remainder. The merchant told me I must take half the amount in cloth and cottons. I was obliged to do so; and having sold these in the bazaar for half what they cost me, I returned home half ruined. It is better, said I, to throw up the land at once; another good crop would utterly destroy me!

"I went to the casheff who governed the district, but he laughed at my beard when I told him my intention; 'Give up the land, indeed, said he; are you mad enough to think the pacha will permit you? go home and dig the canals, and be sure you water your rice grounds well; for if your cultivation be not better than it was last harvest, you will be surely flogged.' I went home with a sorrowful heart; I tilled the ground; I irrigated it from morning till night; the grain sprung up, my heart died away at the fertility of the soil; the crop was more abundant than ever—I was completely undone. There was no salvation for me from the curse of such a plentiful harvest, except in flight, and accordingly I fled the most unfortunately fertile

district in all Egypt. I began to think the man who robbed the chicken-oven, must have been a farmer of the pacha's.

"'The peasant cannot help stealing,' said I, 'if the prince be an oppressor.' I remember having heard a learned man say, the prayer of the oppressed was to be dreaded, even when the arrows of the tyrant had drained the blood of the poor man, that his supplications were not to be suppressed. I thought it would be a good thing to rob the public granaries; I procured employment in one of them; I began with a handful of beans, and ended with a sack full of opium and indigo. I was at length discovered, and I suppose it is needless to say, when I was thrust out of doors I had not a leg to stand on. Why should I confine my depredations, said I, to the substance of Mohammed Ali; he is not the only oppressor of the poor fellah, the hard working peasant. Every one who is rich, is the poor man's enemy; therefore to plunder him can be no crime. I accordingly commenced with a Jew banker; I slipped into his house at dusk, and left it with a dozen amber mouthed chibouques. I increased

in adroitness with the magnitude of my attempts; at last I carried away a bale of tobacco from the store-house of a merchant of Bar 'el Cham—the prophet was not with me; I was seized at my own door, and beaten till further blows were deemed unnecessary. It was written, I was not to die just then. I recovered shortly, and the first use I made of my returning strength, was to plunder a mosque of five Persian praying carpets. [Here there was a general murmur of disapprobation among the prisoners.] I could not help it," continued the sacrilegious felon, "the pacha's oppression made me a rogue; the contempt and uncharitableness of the world made me a villain; and the frowns of my unpropitious planet, and the loss of the prophet's patronage, made me a kafir; and therefore I robbed the temple of Allah; but I did not prosper. I sold the plunder to a Greek priest, who was on his way to Elcods, the holy city of Jerusalem, for three hundred piastres. I returned home delighted with my sale. I looked at my money, I counted it over and over; a piece fell on the floor: a clod on a cold breast could not give a duller sound. Beard of the

prophet, cried I, here is treachery. I examined the other pieces, every coin of them was base money. Allah Illah, cried I, in my desperation, there is no faith, no honesty in the world; the very priest cheats the robber of the church. I must put this money off, said I, in the best way I can; and then, cursing the mother of the Greek priest with becoming fervour, I sallied forth. It occurred to me there was a deaf jeweller in the bazaar. I proceeded to his shop, hoping, as I had been deceived by the sight of the money, so might he. From the sound I had nothing to fear. Having purchased a quantity of goods, I paid down the money. There was no one in the shop but a blind muezzin from a neighbouring mosque. The merchant examined the money: 'It looks good,' said he, 'and I suppose it is so; if the poor muezzin was not blind, I would get him to examine it likewise.' Thank heaven, said I to myself, that he is blind, otherwise it would go hard with me. I was on the point of leaving the shop, with my purchase under my arm, when the unlucky son of darkness groped his way to the counter, and bade the merchant jin-

gle the pieces on the money trough. I was ready to sink into the earth. Piece after piece was jingled and condemned. I endeavoured to escape, but the merchant laid fast hold of me—and here I am covered with crimes, which Allah, in his justice, will lay at the door of the poor man's oppressor, the pacha of El Masr."

The victim of oppression having ended the narrative of his crimes, another felon began his story.

"I have often thought," said he, "that poverty being the father of guilt, the heaviest punishment should be inflicted on the parent. And, accordingly, we find that the poor are invariably visited with the worst of all punishments, contempt, while the guilty are treated with anger only, which is a noble sort of passion enough, and leaves no sting behind, when the pain of the stripe is over. I was born a thief; I had no option, no alternative. My father was a thief before me, and it would have been as unnatural in me to have been an honest man, as it would have been in the son of the Mufti to be a reputed rogue.

"On the death of my revered father, whose injured reputation was my only inheritance, I

set up in business on my own account. The last advice of my poor parent the night before he suffered, was on these terms: 'Remember, O my son, that no crime is so unpardonable as poverty; therefore make money, or take money, which any fool can do; but keep it, my son, difficult as it is to do so, for when you are in such an extremity as I now am, a purse or two to the Cadi's wife may save your neck.'

"I lost no time in robbing my uncle of a hundred piastres, which he refused to lend to bury his favourite brother; and having performed the last pious duty, I commenced business in a regular way. My poor mother was an excellent woman, but she had one little defect; she loved going abroad too much, and rumour said I owed my origin to her roaming propensity. She certainly visited the harem of the village barber oftener than was beneficial to her reputation; and it is equally certain I bore a greater resemblance to the knave the barber, than I did to the thief my father. I had naturally an inclination towards justice, though not towards honesty, two things very different; and I can safely say, and with a clear con-

science, that I never robbed a man who had not injured me, or who ought not to have served me. In brief, I never plundered any but bitter enemies, or bad friends.

"Having robbed my uncle to bury my father, I resolved to plunder my mother, to put myself in the situation of buying a wife. If what half the world said of my surviving parent were true, I ought to have felt no remorse in depriving her of the fantasia she only made a show of after my father's death, to gain admiration; neither did I. One fine morning I made a bundle of all her clothes and trinkets, and quitting the paternal roof, I left my amiable mother destitute.

"As long as I had a bauble to bestow, I was surrounded by profligate fakirs, and licentious almes—they praised my spirit—they commended my wit—they compared me to Hatem Tai for generosity—to Rustam for courage. But when money and baubles were gone, they gave me little of their company, and less of their commendation. They frowned when I came—they laughed when I went—and 'scurvy companion' was too good a term to give me when I addressed them in the street.

"How I cursed my poverty! The barber who played the Shitan with my mother's reputation was rich—some said he was my father—I was poor, and had need of his assistance—I asked it, and he called me an insolent beggar. That night I climbed up the shop window-shutters, and got into the dwelling house, (heaven forgive me if I thought I heard my mother's voice in the harem,) but I had sufficient grace to take my ear from the key-hole, and to prefer having the suspicion, rather than the certainty of the injury to avenge. I carried away as many silver coffee tasses as I could cram into my bosom, and, by way of retribution, I set fire to the mattresses of the divan as I quitted the apartment. It was not so much to consume my mother for the dishonour she was bringing on the family name, I fired the house, as to burn the barber (for calling me a beggar) out of house and home. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing a volume of flame issuing from the windows—I was the first to cry 'Yan genvar!' —'Fire! fire!'—but, loaded as I was with the spoil of the house, I did not think fit to await the arrival of the guard.

"I just took a parting peep at the conflagration, as I turned the corner of the street, and had a glimpse of a number of people issuing from the house, as little encumbered with amsaks and sherwals, as the houris in paradise, whose vesture is a web of sunbeams. I could not help thinking what a glorious sight was a conflagration at midnight; and what a propitious hour for robbing a house! From that night I date the origin of a propensity, which time has only strengthened; namely, that of burning houses. 'Tis true, I have only set fire to those of persons who have in some wise offended me, either by slight or scorn; and therefore one can conceive the gratification; but independently of that consideration there is an inexpressible pleasure in witnessing the magnificent work of one's own hands, in beholding, at a little distance from the astonished populace, a noble mansion, vomiting forth flame and smoke, and putting the light of the pale moon to shame, with the pre-eminent splendour of the burning roof and rafters. In short, the business of an incendiary is extremely agreeable, and often profitable. I had the pleasure of burning eleven

houses with my own hand, before I was unfortunate enough to be taken up.

"On that melancholy occasion, I received seven hundred blows, and was worked like a gamous in a powder-mill two long years, in irons. I have only had my liberty three days. The first day of my coming out, I felt an irresistible longing to set fire to the house of the Cadi who condemned me; but I got the better of the weakness of my heart. I resolved, if possible, to burn no more houses for a month, at least; but, unfortunately, the following morning, as I passed through the court-yard of the Okella, or Khan, where I lodged, smoking my pipe, I observed a load of chopped straw in the middle of the place. 'O, Allah!' said I, 'what a beautiful conflagration would this not make;' my feet glided towards the combustible mass; my hand which held the lighted pipe was involuntarily extended in the same direction; in a moment, the whole mass was in a blaze, and I was supremely happy. But a confounded urchin unluckily saw me in the act of applying the red-hot ashes of the pipe, and though I escaped for the time, the guard soon found me,

and here I am. As there was no damage done, but the loss of the camel's provender, I hope to get off with fifty blows at the utmost.

"I ought not to receive one, but the Cadi never listens to reason, so it would be in vain for me to tell him that I was born a thief, and could not help it; that I was schooled in wickedness, and became an incendiary, because I had no other employment, and because the device of idleness is the devil's occupation."

The house-burner finished his narration, the first rays of the morning were making their appearance in the dungeon, through the bars of the narrow loop-hole; and many other fellows, of cut-throat aspects, were anxious to tell their stories. Your thorough paced thieves are the most communicative members of society, luckily so much so, that they can never keep their own counsel.

But the approach of day, and the anticipation of its events, damped the spirits of the whole party a good deal, and a deep silence ensued, unbroken, till the step of the jailor was heard in the passage. When the door was

opened, there was a general commotion in the dungeon. Mourad alone was summoned forth; he followed his conductor to the guard-room, and from thence to the private apartments of the justice-room, which he had seen the preceding evening.

CHAPTER XII.

Aleib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does by wanting light to give;
But then renew I could not like the moon,
There were no suns to borrow of.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

MOURAD was no sooner ushered into the presence of the captain of the guard, than the "operatives" of justice left the apartment to prepare their sticks: the prisoner, they had no doubt, would be sentenced to the bastinado, and as the infliction of the punishment is an agreeable task to the performers, they lost no time in returning with their weapons. But, to their astonishment, on entering the divan, they found the culprit sitting before their master, relating such parts of his history as he thought

proper to disclose, and palliating his rashness by the account of the robbery which had just been committed on him, and the madness which his misery produced.

The captain listened attentively to the young Moslem, and after smoking his pipe, he addressed the prisoner: "So sure," said he, "my young Delibashi, as you are the prince of madmen, or my name is Aslan, if you were sent before the governor, you would leave his presence without a leg to stand on. The Pacha thinks more of one of the fellahs who dig the soil, than he does of ten Effendis from Istamboul. But I am disposed to make some allowance for a young hair-brained Osmanli, who is fresh from the capital, and thinks he can kick and cuff Arabs as if they were so many rayahs on the shores of the Bosphorus. I was once young as you are, and as inexperienced; as ready to shuffle every passenger who wore worse clothes than mine, and to strike every kafir who stumbled on my path, for not keeping a better look-out. But my first six months' residence in El Masr cured me of all this folly; and as you look like a man of discretion, I trust a shorter period

will do as much for you. Go home, perform your namez, make your ablutions, and eat your dinner, and thank God it has been your good fortune to have fallen under the hands of Aslan Captan."

"I do thank Allah, Effendi," replied Mourad, "that it has been my fate to have been taken before so compassionate a magistrate. I will go home, Effendi, and say my prayers, as you have ordered me to do; but to eat my dinner is the only command your poor servant is not likely to obey."

"What, man!" said Aslan, "have you no money to buy food? have you been robbed of all your substance?"

"Of all, Effendi," replied Mourad, with a groan.

"Allah karim," said the captain, "God is most merciful; but you are wrong to say you lost every thing; surely the robber has not deprived you of youth, he has not stolen your health; and having left you these, you have reason to thank God that you are not without hope. Here, young man," he continued, taking a handful of piastres from his money-bag, "this

will enable you to dine for a few days, if you have no other resource; when it is gone you may come to me again."

The man who had plundered two haznahs blushed to the eyes at the idea of receiving assistance from a kind-hearted man, in the time of extremity. His proud bosom swelled as he extended his hand to receive the alms which none but a beggar, he thought, would deem acceptable, who was unable to wring the sum from the rich man's grasp in the shape of a forced contribution.

Aslan understood what was passing in the young man's mind: he sought to relieve his embarrassment by telling him he was to consider the trifle he gave him as a loan, and might repay it when fortune was more propitious to him. He would hear of no thanks; he pushed the young Moslem gently to the door, and requested him, as he departed, to beat no more Arabs for some time to come.

Mourad returned to his lodging, where he eked out his miserable means for some days, oppressed with wretchedness, and driven almost to madness, by the unceasing torment of his re-

flections. A few days ago he was the master of wealth sufficient for the maintenance of a high station in the world; he was now in abject poverty, and the "veriest wretch that lived on common charity was happier than he." He found himself in a bustling city, filled with a heartless people, who appeared to look coldly and contemptuously upon him. He had no friend, no acquaintance in the place, and in a few days he was literally in want of the common necessaries of life He passed his wretched days in his gloomy chamber, dragging on existence by the daily disposal of his effects. One of the few remaining articles he had not yet disposed of, was a ring he had received from Zuleika; and the idea of parting with it was almost as bad as that of death. He had sworn never to let it out of his sight, and he thought no earthly motive could have broken his determination; but the pangs of famine pleaded too powerfully to be resisted; it was sold for the fourth part of its value, and the paltry sum for which he bartered it, was barely sufficient for the subsistence of a few days.

To a desperate man like Mourad, the most

obvious suggestion on acquiring a few piastres, was the folly of procrastinating the day of absolute ruin, which must arrive at last, whether it come a little sooner, or a little later, it mattered not; come it must, and the irresistible temptation of the moment was to squander his new resources all at once, and to sink the gloomy prospect of the future in the enjoyment of the present hour.

The same reckless sentiment which hurries the vulgar profligate to the tavern, carries the desperate man in Turkey to the coffee-house of the opium-eaters, or that of the smokers of the intoxicating hashis. And in one of the former haunts, the wretched Mourad spent at a single sitting two thirds of the sum, the acquisition of which had cost him so much anguish.

The conduct of the desperate man is never too inconsistent, nor too improvident, to be deemed unnatural.

He soon had an opportunity of knowing, that a crowded city is the worst place in the wide world for a distressed Effendi; for nowhere is there so much importance attached to the out-

ward man. Better is it to be seen associated with a knave, to be suspected of a misprison of dishonesty, than to be seen a-breast of a man in a shabby garment. It is less ruinous to his reputation in society to be accounted a rogue, than to be called a poor man. The mark of poverty seemed to have been set on Mourad's forehead, for his friends hung back at his approach, with a sort of defferential horror. The merchants in the bazaar regarded his attire with a supercilious glance; the swaggering soldiers elbowed him as they walked by, and the haughty passengers gathered up their flowing garments to prevent their coming in contact with the pauper's; and yet his clothes were not absolutely bad; it required all the delicate scrutiny of a Stambouline eye to detect the imperfections in his beneesh, to discover the threadbare texture of his sherwals, or to observe the ravages of time in his papoushes. There was only one individual, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, who looked on the alteration of his circumstances with an unchanged eye; and strange it was, that this individual was one against whom he had long felt

an unaccountable antipathy, and which had only partially worn off by recent intimacy.

Zadig was altogether of an opposite character to Mourad; there appeared to be no feeling in common between them; and, at their first interview, Mourad could hardly repress the repugnance he felt at forming an acquaintance with so unpromising a companion as Zadig. It was one of his errors—and a common one enough, of persons of sanguine temperaments—to consider the first impression which flashes across the mind, to be an emanation of truth, the force of which is only weakened by deliberation. He believed that ten minutes conversation afforded as sufficient an opportunity of ascertaining a man's character, as ten years; and that the first opinion was always a correct one.

He was not aware that the most apparently opposite and unaccommodating spirits not unfrequently coalesce, and that the union is not the less complete, because it is the meeting of extreme sentiments.

He was sauntering, one morning, through the bazaars, in a melancholy mood, pondering on

his present ills and gloomy prospects, when Zadig accosted him; the cordiality of his greeting was more marked than usual; Mourad observed it; he attributed it solely to his friend's ignorance of his distress. Impressed with this idea, his pride forbad him to undeceive him, for he believed, had he done so, he must have forfeited his esteem. He had read in the Sufi poets, that there is an inherent hatred in our nature to poverty, and that to sink not in the estimation of a friend, it is necessary to conceal any unfortunate alteration that may occur in our circumstances. "The wise man," says one of them, "discovers not his poverty, for poverty is the source of every evil."

He was in want of bread, and yet he abstained from asking Zadig for the loan of a single paras. The idea of being indebted to the kindness of a friend for a trifling sum, was revolting even to him who had forfeited all claim to the character of an honest man; but with that obliquity of principle, which is one of the peculiarities of the ill-directed mind, at the very moment his false delicacy forbad him to make

known his wants, had the purse of his friend fallen in his way, he would have made it administer to his necessities.

He parted with Zadig, and from that time he purposely avoided the places where he was likely to meet him. When inevitable ruin stared him in the face, when absolute hunger was preying on his vitals, he kept out of his path, and felt a savage triumph in thinking that he had withheld his humiliating history from his only friend, and that no human being was acquainted with his misery. All day long he wandered through the streets, and every where he went he fancied that the passengers eyed him with contempt; and when he returned at night to his sad dwelling, he imagined that the people of the khan looked on him with distrust.

Day after day his landlord applied to him for money; and, at length, the horror of his perpetual importunities became so intolerable, that he quitted the house with a determination of returning to it no more. He strolled from street to street, till he found himself without the city gates; he had tasted no food for the last four-and-twenty hours, and though oppressed with

famine and fatigue, he still continued advancing with rapid strides, till he found himself amongst the ruins of Canopus, some miles distant from the city. There was nothing but desolation around him; its horrors were in unison with his dreary prospects; he believed himself to be the most unfortunate being in existence; that he had nothing further to expect from his fellow men, and that Providence had withdrawn his protection from him.

The malediction of some injured being seemed to have alighted on his head. The transitory gleam of prosperity which had brightened on his path, had disappeared; the bud of hope which he had gleaned in the garden of beauty, had withered ere it blossomed; and the accents of friendship, which but lately shot across the gloomy heath of life, were now lost in the interminable space.

He sat down amidst the ruins, exhausted in mind and body; but he had scarcely been seated, when he was startled by the sound of several voices at no great distance. The ruins concealed the persons of the speakers from his view; he climbed up the mouldering wall of a

dilapidated building, which had formerly been a bath, and on the other side of it he beheld a party of Levantines seated on the ground, with a plentiful repast before them. Several empty wine bottles were strewed around, and the volubility of the convivial party was easily accounted for. There were five persons present, three of whom were women, and their merriment was no less loud than that of the two gentlemen.

Mourad did not lose much time in reconnoitering his victims, (for such he destined them to be,) the rusty sword, which he had been unable to dispose of, was soon in his grasp, and in an instant he was in the midst of the terrified Levantines. The shrieks of the women, and the cries of the men, half stupified with wine, were the prelude to a scene of confusion and disorder which baffles all description; the appearance of a Turk with desperation in his looks, brandishing his sword, and threatening destruction on all around, was a terrible spectacle to the timid Levantines: the women hid their faces in their hands, and screamed out the names of every saint in the calendar; the men rivetted their eyes on the gleaming sword, but

they had not the courage to look the robber in the face; and when they called for mercy, their tremulous Imaun was doled out with averted looks. Dogs of unbelievers, vociferated the robber, throw down your purses—instantly let it be done; a moment's delay and your heads shall be rolling at your feet.

There was no necessity to repeat the command; the well-stocked purses were thrown down, and while the robber was stooping to take them up, the two Levantines scrambled on their legs and fled with all the speed which fear inspired. The poor women were left to shift for themselves—terror forgets all courtesy; and Levantines, under any circumstances, are not remarkable for their gallantry.

Mourad's eye was glaring on the viands which were set before him; the occupation of his attention gave the women an opportunity of escape; they attempted to rise—in the violence of their hurry they defeated each other's efforts, and pulled one another down as fast as they arose. Two, at length, by super-human exertions, contrived to get away, and one only remained, who had either fainted, or had a stronger motive

than fear for remaining motionless. After a silence of a few minutes, during which time Mourad was busily employed in tearing to pieces a cold roast fowl, a groan issued from the lips of the unfortunate woman; the robber had the charity to go to her assistance; he threw up her veil, and gazed on her fair features: had an apparition from the grave met his eyes, astonishment could not have been written in more legible characters on his countenance.

"Beard of the prophet!" he exclaimed, "it can be no other; if the widow of the Armenian be in existence, this woman is surely her."

"Ah, Mourad," cried Miriam, "recovering very opportunely from her faintness, is this the way we meet—has my preserver become a highway robber—has the dear friend I so much respected been reduced to such an alternative? Ah! dear me, why did I not die before this dreadful hour? But still, to see you at all, to find my preserver in any shape, is a consolation to my heart. I have often thought of you—oh, very often, Effendi; and I prayed for our meeting; but would to heaven it had occurred

under any other circumstances. What unfortunate event has driven you to this extremity?"

"Alas, Miriam!" replied Mourad, "misfortune has been busy with me since I last beheld you; I am ashamed to look you in the face, misery has made me mad, and famine has urged me to this rash act. That villain of a Greek who accompanied me from Candia, robbed me of every thing in the world, and earth has not a beggar on its surface more destitute than I am."

"Well, thank heaven!" said Miriam, "it is no worse; if it be only your necessity which has driven you to the commission of this crime, I am able, I trust, to rescue you from the danger of another temptation of the sort. I owe my existence to you; and when I was in a strange country, and wanted money, I was indebted to your generosity; it is now my turn to assist you, and, thank heaven! I possess the means of doing it. I trust my kinsmen have been too much terrified to have scrutinized your features, and when you have changed your garments for others more befitting your rank, I have little

fear of their recognizing you. One of the purses you have taken, ought to be well filled, for its owner is a wealthy merchant; but lest it should not be sufficient for your present wants, take this," continued the generous widow, putting her purse into his hand.

The robber had the delicacy to decline the offer, but it was pressed upon him with such earnestness, that he found it impossible to refuse it; in common courtesy he could not do less than salute the fair hand with his lips which was extended towards him; and if he did so with more fervour than poor Zuleika might have thought necessary had she been present, it was no doubt the excess of gratitude which prompted so warm a demonstration of his regard.

"When you have purchased other attire," said the widow, you must call upon me: to-morrow evening, an hour after sunset, I shall be alone: the first house to the right in the Okella Inglis is mine, and come to it when you will, you shall always be welcome. You must not stay here any longer: my kinsmen will be sure

to return with the guard. I would not for the world they were to find you."

Mourad was greatly inclined to taste some of the good things which were left untouched before him, but the widow would not hear of his remaining another minute; and after telling him to return by the opposite gate of the Mahmoudie, she insisted on his immediate departure.

Mourad returned to the city without meeting any interruption; he proceeded to the bazaar, where he equipped himself in a splendid suit of Mamaluke attire; no one who had seen him two hours before, would have imagined it possible that such an alteration could have taken place in so short a period. His glittering sword, and splendid pistols, attracted general attention; the pipe which he carried was a cherry-stick, the mouth-piece of amber, of the most delicate straw colour. As he walked along he thought every body smiled at his approach; he wondered how he had wronged so many good-natured people by thinking them cold hearted and contemptuous: it was impossible to find more amiable looking people; their obliging looks, their kind

regards, delighted him amazingly. Instead of sneaking through the bazaars as he was wont to do, with his diffident step and stealthy pace, he walked through them like a proud Effendi, who had money in his purse, and was therefore justified in swaggering through the crowd, bearded like a pard, and accoutred like a bandit, to the great terror of the humble wretches who strove to get out of the great man's way, before they got rapped over the heads by the long sticks of his attendants. Mourad strutted with great dignity through the streets, his head erect, his chest expanded, and his shoulders squared; and as he threw out his legs from side to side, like a man of fashion, the passengers could not help admiring the figure and fashion of the young Effendi. He was as good a style of man in a bazaar, as the colonel is in a drawing-room, who hebdomadally graces Hyde Park. He was a fop, but yet he was a manly one; there was nothing finicking in his vanity.

The following day he visited Miriam. The interview appeared to be interesting to both; it lasted long, and they had ample time to talk over the various perils they had passed. Nothing

endears two human beings to each other so much as the encounter of a common danger, and the subsequent discussion of its horrors. Mourad became a daily visitor at the widow's abode; he bought a horse, he furnished a house, he hired several servants; from whatever haznah he drew his resources, they were liberally supplied. The number of his friends increased; they smiled when he approached; they listened when he spoke; they applauded when he ceased; they praised his dinners, and they only laughed at his beard when he turned his back. He was the happiest of men. At length the daily visit to the widow interfered with his engagements; he went every other day, and when his appointments accumulated, it was sometimes a week before he darkened the threshold of his benefactress.

His intimacy with Zadig had been revived. Zadig was a Sufi, and he presided over the orgies of a nightly assembly of his sect, in a coffee-house adjoining the Shoonah of the Mahumidie. He was the son of an Arab Sheik; his mother was a Turkish woman, and from her he derived that constitutional indolence border-

ing on apathy, which is the characteristic mark of Turkish breeding. This apathy of the Turks is equivalent to the *nonchalance* of English fashionables. In the upper classes it is a grace, the affectation of it is a nuisance in the plebeian. Apathy is commendable in an Effendi; it is odious in "an unwashed artificer," as much so as the *nonchalance* is endurable in Park Lane, which is intolerable in Russell Square.

Zadig's was the real imperturbable apathy which distinguishes the slaves of fashion in all countries; which gives stillness to the features of the stripling; imparts a sombre hue to the purple light of youth; bestows on boyhood the premature maturity of the medlar, which is rotten before it is ripe; on manhood the appearance of age without experience; and on middle-life the *blasée* look of passion without enthusiasm, and pleasure without enjoyment. He was never energetic in his manner, except when he talked of the poets of his country; on that topic he spoke with warmth: his apathy, in short, was more of a physical than a moral nature; for his most extended idea of human happiness was a

state of muscular repose. He hated people who bustled when they walked; and the only fault he could not pardon in Mourad, was his rapid mode of exercising his locomotive organs; he had a sovereign contempt for a man who walked fast in the street, and no man he thought was deserving of the name of an Effendi, who manifested any apprehension of being run over in the bazaar, by a camel, or a horse.

He undertook to introduce Mourad into the society of the choice spirits over which he presided—to initiate him into the mysteries of Sufi science.

Mourad accompanied him to the café, which was the temple of the disciples of Hafiz and Ferdousi; there the worship of the Sufis was daily celebrated; the waters of Rocnabad were daily quaffed, and "the poignant liquor, which the zealot calls the mother of sins," was freely indulged in. The shouts of laughter which burst on the ear of Mourad as he entered, he thought not becoming the gravity of men who pretended to the name of Moslems; he took his seat in a window, while the place of honour, on the corner of the bench, was allotted to Zadig, who was

received with loud demonstrations of regard by all the party.

Our hero had never been in the company of such a set of hair-brained fellows; they laughed and talked like so many Christians, without any sense of dignity; and what surprised him more than all the rest, was to see Turks and rayahs mingled together without any distinction. There sat a young Osmanli beside a Levantine giaour; an Armenian infidel beside a true believer; and an impudent dog in a Frangi costume, who was the son of a Hebrew merchant, was seated on the right hand of Mourad himself. Never was there a man so shocked as our hero.

"Allah defend me!" he exclaimed, loud enough almost to be heard by his neighbours; "the world is surely coming to an end; kafirs and true believers smoking and talking together in the same coffee-shop, as if they were the children of the same father; this is an impiety that heaven will surely punish. God grant the roof of the house does not fall on my head!"

He was not a little astonished to observe, that one cup of coffee was no sooner swallowed than another was brought, and that no smoke issued

from the beverage. The man who sat next him asked him if he would drink a cup of cold coffee? Mourad turned up his eyes.

"Heaven forbid!" he replied; "whoever heard, in a country of true believers, of cold coffee?"

He was requested to taste it; he begged to be excused: he was again entreated, and at last consented to put it to his lips. The first drop he tasted the cup dropped from his fingers; he made wry faces; he threatened the life of the caffigibashi. The cold coffee turned out to be Cyprus wine. The profligate Sufis laughed at his distress. Mourad was at first enraged; but their laughter continued, and he began to be ashamed of their ridicule. Zadig reproached him with the folly of refusing generous wine; his comrades encouraged him with the assurance that no Imams were present to see him drink; no cadis amongst them to punish him for the pleasure. Their arguments were not convincing, but their ridicule was irresistible. He cried out for wine in a loud voice. In the words of Hafiz he exclaimed, "Bring the wine, boy; the season of roses is come, and, like the nightin-

gales, let us repose on a bed of roses." A thousand plaudits followed these words; the words of a Sufi poet, in the mouth of so grave an Osmanli, was something unexpected. The ice was broken; a glow of excitement came over the cheek of our hero; he called for more wine.

"Suffer me, like Tarafa, my comrades," said he, "to drench my brains in wine, lest, having drank too little here, I should be thirsty elsewhere."

"Bravo!" cried the dissolute revellers, "this is a brave companion; he is a man after our own livers; he has been on the banks of Rocnabad; he has drank the sweet waters, which gave inspiration to Shemseddin; he is worthy of being called a Sufi. Who but the Sufi knows how to relish the pleasures of life? Who but a Sufi is independent of rank, and riches, lives like a philosopher from hand to mouth, putting his trust in the morrow's razkallah, and is not disappointed of his daily bread?"

"True!" replied Mourad, "who but a Sufi knows 'the joy of that moment, when the self-sufficiency of intoxication renders a man independent of the prince and his ministers?' who

but a disciple of Hafiz, knows the advantage of 'selling our praying carpet on which we have pained our knees, and purchasing wine?'"

"Allah ya oulad!" cried the Sufis, "you are a second Ferdousi. What a wonderful conversion have we not made this evening; but a few minutes ago you would not taste the mellow waters of Rocnabad, and now you quaff the cup with all the zest of a son of Shemseddin. What will your friends say to this sudden change?"

"They will say," replied Mourad, "with Nazami, 'that it was my bad ascendant, that I was ill-starred, and was destined for the dwelling of profligate kalendars.'"

"What," said Zadig, "does wine make men satirical? Generous wine, that opens the heart of man and delights his senses; that makes sad men merry, and the morose good-natured—how is this?"

"Have you never heard," replied Mourad, "that a serpent by drinking milk increases his venom? You had better give me no more wine, if you would not spoil my humour."

Mourad was glad of an excuse to leave off

drinking: it was his first essay, and the feeling, after a couple of hours' excess, was not the most agreeable one in the world. He prevailed on Zadig to accompany him home, and as they went along, the latter gave him an account of the worthies he had just quitted.

"I suppose," said Zadig, "you never saw a set of merrier paupers than these Sufis; and doubtless you imagine they are well off in the world, because they wear good clothes, and smiles on their faces; but they are all beggars: one half of them are bankrupts, the remainder are discarded profligates of various sects, who think of nothing on earth but wine and love songs. You have seen how happy they were to-night, and yet I will venture to say two-thirds of them have not a paras in their pockets, after paying the wine bill, to buy bread to-morrow. And yet they will all eat bread and drink wine to-morrow, without troubling their heads with a thought of where the razkallah is to come from."

"This is wonderful!" cried Mourad; "how, in the name of Allah, do they find the means of going on in their debauchery?"

"Easy enough," replied Zadig; "they live by their wits—they are shrewd fellows. In every large city there is a certain proportion of rich fools, who exist for no other purpose but to be the razkallah of indigent knaves."

"Allah is most bountiful!" cried Mourad; "time is truly the father of knowledge; till this blessed hour I knew not for what purpose fools were suffered to grow rich."

CHAPTER XIII.

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name and not the thing.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SEVERAL months had passed over since the change in Mourad's circumstances: he still continued to visit the widow, but of late his calls were few and far between; so far nothing could be more angelic than his visits, but reproaches and recriminations took away a good deal from their celestial character. Secretly as their intimacy was carried on, rumour was not idle with their names. The kinsmen of the lady were not ignorant of the visits of the young Moslem to her harem; but his title to her gratitude, and the circumstance of the widow's

being left wholly independent of her relatives, sufficed to prevent any interference on their parts. One member of her family only ventured to remonstrate with her on the impropriety of her conduct; and the influence he had over her was such as to give very great importance to his advice. This person was a cousin of Miriam's; he was in the church, and had the reputation of being a zealous priest. He represented to her, in strong terms, the evil consequences of her intimacy with Mourad. He succeeded in rousing her conscience to a full sense of her indiscretion, and warned her of incurring the censure of the church, by continuing in her errors.

Miriam hinted at the possibility of a private marriage with the young Moslem. She was acquainted with his history. "He was born a Christian," she said, "and his father and mother had been Christians; therefore he could not be altogether considered a heathen. Besides, El Masr was not Stamboul: the pacha was not a prince to cut off a man's head for taking a Christian wife, he had one in his harem. So

long as such a marriage was not dragged before the public, there was nothing to be apprehended. It was her interest to keep it a secret, it would be likewise Mourad's: he dare not disclose it. It was for the tranquillity of her conscience she desired the marriage: it would be a great cruelty in her cousin to refuse performing the ceremony. She wanted no witnesses: all she desired was, the satisfaction of knowing that the words were read over, to quiet her troubled conscience."

The priest seemed to be astonished at the proposition; he doubted if the widow entertained it seriously; and when he found she was perfectly in earnest, he declared such a thing was impossible. She pulled a glittering purse from her anteree; she laid it on the divan as if by accident, and said, she had a great many more arguments than she had yet adduced, to give in support of her demand. (She no longer talked of entreaty.) She repeated over again, that she did not ask a formal marriage in the presence of witnesses; the words were all she desired to have read over, for the comfort of her reflections, both past and present.

The priest began to treat the matter in his mind, as a pious fraud of the widow, to cheat her own conscience, which it was useless to detect or expose. She kept dangling the purse by her side; and every time its contents were jingled, a new light seemed to come on the mind of the reverend gentleman, on the subject of the request; and he finished at last, by promising to comply with it next morning, on the condition of inviolable secresy. The qualms of the good man on the propriety of fulfilling his promise, were set at rest, by an earnest of the sum she meant to give him on the completion of the ceremony. One difficulty was removed; the next, and the most difficult, remained to be gone through.

The following day, when Mourad entered the harem, there was something in the regard of the widow, which gave him a suspicion that all was not right. He was no sooner seated, than Miriam took her place in the corner, and addressed the astonished Moslem in these words:

"For these many months, Mourad, I have given you repeated proofs of my affection; I have endeavoured to repay the debt of gratitude

I owe you, for the preservation of my life, with my whole heart—with all the wealth of my haznah. I loved you, and do still love you; though I have much to complain of which might be fatal to the affections of another woman; but you have promised to amend, and I cannot do otherwise than believe you. I have sacrificed much for you; I have given up the society of my friends, provoked their anger, brought sin and shame upon my head, and for this I demand the only atonement you can make me. You stare, Effendi—but nothing less than marriage can restore my peace of mind, or enable me to continue our intimacy a day longer."

"Woman!" exclaimed Mourad, "are you mad?—have your senses vanished into smoke?—am I not a Moslem, and are not you a Christian woman? How then, in the name of the apostle, can a true believer be married to an infidel?"

"By an accommodating clergyman," replied Miriam. "You are a true believer; what was your father? Was your poor mother a true believer? Have you more reason to call your-

self a Moslem, than a dog would have to boast of being a jackall, because he was dragged into the society of the latter?"

"Miriam," exclaimed Mourad, "I will not listen to this language; this is downright treason against the law of Islam."

"Very well, Effendi," said Miriam, with great coolness—"if the words displease you, you have only to leave my house. But whatever you are, Moslem or Christian, married I must be, if our intimacy be to continue—I mean, privately married, in the presence of heaven and the priest. You have nothing to apprehend, whatever I may have to fear from the disclosure. The priest is my cousin; for his own sake he will be silent: and as you are a true believer, the ceremony will be only to you a mummery; and the few words that are repeated, you will not understand. If you would know my motive, hear it—the satisfaction of my mind. The marriage will not enable us to live under the same roof—that must not be; but when I do see you, it will take away the sense of guilt from our interviews. Make no reply, I will not listen to a single objection. Hitherto, I have sup-

plied your wants; if I am to do so after this day, it rests with yourself. If you know any thing of my character, you will not seek to alter my resolution—it is taken, and earth has no power to move it. To-morrow, you will be here at sun-set, or never! The priest will be in waiting at that time; and I will receive you as my husband, or not at all. By the soul of my mother, I will be obeyed; or your shadow shall never fall on the floor of my harem. Remember, I have said it!"

The imperious widow flung out of the room, leaving the astonished Mourad to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" as he best could. He remained in the apartment for some time, utterly lost and surprised: when he recovered a little from that emotion, rage took possession of his breast; he was on the point of committing a thousand extravagances: one moment he was about to demolish every article of furniture in the room; the next instant, he was tempted to break into the apartment of the women, to which the widow had retired, and to terrify her soul into a renunciation of her capricious project; but he felt the latter would be a vain attempt,

he knew the obstinacy of the widow's temper, and that all the world could not alter her determination.

He cursed her capricious madness in his heart, and left the house.

The tavern of the Sufis had become his favourite haunt; its orgies were the only escape from the reproaches which the recollection of Zuleika continually called forth.

The gentleness of her disposition, the purity of her affection, the delicacy of her beauty, and, above all, her confidence in his truth, were ever present to his mind, and were the themes of many a contrast, which filled his heart with repugnance to the woman on whose bounty he depended. Day after day he resolved to break off his intimacy with her; but his poverty suggested itself to his mind, and all the horrors of the penury he had endured, of the pangs he had suffered, when in squalid misery he was covered, like the Ashab, with the garment of contempt, forced themselves upon his recollection, and made any degradation preferable to the misery of the rich man's scorn, and the proud man's coldness.

The reflections on past misery were followed by the gloomy anticipations of future wretchedness. He gave the widow's proposition a calmer consideration. He began to think that a marriage, which was not binding, was no marriage at all; that as the law recognized not a contract between a Christian and a true believer, he might set the conscience of Miriam at rest without any prejudice to his liberty. He made up his mind, at last, to go through the ceremony. He endeavoured to banish the remembrance of Zuleika from his heart; and in order to sustain his resolution, he had recourse to the society of his dissolute companions, and with them he passed the night preceding his nuptials. The wine cup circulated freely; the songs of the profligate Sufis commenced; the excitement of the impassioned music of the Arabs, and the glowing poetry of their bards, was visible on Mourad's cheek; his imagination became heated. He talked of an absent mistress, the splendor of whose face surpassed the moon's, whose great brilliant eyes were more beautiful than the antelope's, whose dark ringlets were like bunches of dates clustering round the head of a palm tree,

whose smooth ankle was like the stem of a young plant bending over a rivulet; and whose gentle bosom was a Guslistan, a bed of roses. He filled the cup to the unmentionable fair one; he quaffed a second, and then a third; and Hafiz had never more reason to vaunt of the joy of that moment, when the self-sufficiency of intoxication rendered him independent of the prince and his ministers. When the morning dawned, Mourad was perfectly independent of the priest and the widow. No Effendi could be more joyfully self-sufficient than he was. He talked of exterminating the whole race of the infidels with his individual arm; he abused the viceroy for not making true believers of all the Christians in Scanderia; and he talked of rallying round the sultan and the sanjak, as gentlemen in the Freemason's tavern sometimes do after dinner, of "supporting the altar and the throne,"—two very pretty words in the mouth even of a brawling politician. He took another cup, and asked who was afraid of killing a consul—was he not a kafir, like the rest of his people, a wine-drinker, and an eater of swine's flesh?

But the Sufis did not seem to relish the proposition of killing a consul; they thought the Pacha was likely to be displeased; they said it would be imprudent to go so far; but before they had time to state their reasons for recommending their friend to think the matter over, the following day, Mourad was stretched on a bench, in a state very far from befitting a happy bridegroom.

It was noon before he awoke; the fumes of the wine were in his head, he seemed ill at ease, his temples throbbed, and his limbs still tottered. The exhaustion of the morning was hardly compensated by the excitement of the evening; he had recourse to the rakkee bottle, and it was only after two copious draughts of the cordial, he sallied into the street, and proceeded to the widow's house. A more unpromising bridegroom never appeared in the nuptial chamber. He reeled into the apartment, to the great horror of the priest and the lady, who were awaiting his arrival. The former said it was impossible to perform the ceremony, the man was in such a state of intoxication.

The widow replied, his state was no impedi-

ment; it was better to come tipsy than not at all; he had probably been overcome by the heat, and had taken a little rum-and-water too much. She desired the priest to proceed with the ceremony.

"Are you ready to be married, my good man?" said the clergyman; "if you are, stand up."

"Does any one dare to say I am not ready?" stammered out the drunken man.

"Nobody, Effendi," replied the priest, "has dared to say so; stand up, I pray you, that I may perform the marriage."

"I will not stand up for any man," cried Mourad, "I must be married sitting."

The priest turned up his eyes; the widow sighed, as well she might; and the bride-groom, in a determined manner, doubled up his legs, under him, and swore he would be married sitting down.

"It is in vain to reason with him farther," said Miriam; "for heaven's sake, marry him to me, in any posture he chooses! the sooner it is over, the better."

The ceremony was performed—the bride-

groom dozed: before it was finished he was fast asleep, and when he awoke the following day, he had a faint recollection of a man with a book, and a woman without a veil. He remembered something of a ring being pulled off his finger; he had some idea the man was a priest, and the woman a widow; he began to suspect she had become his wife; and in a little time he had the full overpowering certainty of the completion of his conjugal felicity. He was a married man! He took the earliest opportunity of leaving the house; he visited the tavern; the society of the Sufis became his refuge from double "blessedness," and only three days after his marriage, he was as dissolute a man as any of his companions.

The evening of the third day succeeding his nuptials, on entering the café, the man of the house put a letter into his hand, which he informed Mourad had been left for him the preceding evening by a dervish. The man, he said, was a stranger in Scanderia; and had been for two days endeavouring to find him out, but without success; and it was only by accident he heard of him in the café, as he was on

the point of sailing for El Masr. He said, the letter was of great importance; and he regretted much not seeing you before his departure—but he talked of returning in two or three weeks; and in the mean time, he asked me for a bottle of rum, which he requested me to charge to your account; and said you would not refuse to pay for it, if you were the true son of his old friend of Bournarbashi.

Mourad was a good deal puzzled when he opened the letter, to know who the dervish was; he had never known any of the name of Ali. But a word or two removed the difficulty, and rivetted his attention on the contents, which ran thus:—

"Ali, a poor servant, and of all men the most needy of God's pardon, a dervish of the orthodox sect, and a wanderer over the earth by the permission of Allah, sends these words of intelligence, accompanied by many greetings, to the pre-eminent amongst his cotemporaries; a planet amongst stars, a tower of felicity to his followers, a pattern of rare munificence to his friends, a lord of high excellence and virtuous *qualities*, the sure refuge of the distressed, and

the supporter of the true religion — Mourad Effendi, the reputed son of Suleiman of Bournarbashi—On the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of Teshrin the first, having resolved on turning my face to the country of El Masr, I went down from Istamboul to the place of the two castles; and from hence to Bournarbashi, where I had promised to visit a friend of mine, whose acquaintance I made in the vicinity of the Arsenal, many years ago. We were bound together by the chain of friendship; and when he was torn from me, I would have willingly followed him, but circumstances unfortunately prevented me from doing so. I told him, if ever I was in the neighbourhood of his village, I would surely visit him; and when the propitious star of my destiny led me from Stamboul to the Dardanelles, I proceeded to the place of my friend's abode.

"Chance led me to the khan of the Aga, where I had an opportunity of displaying my astrological science, in the presence of Suleiman; and of establishing myself in his favour, not only as a professor of Elm al Nogioum, but also as a hakkim.

"It happened at the period of my visit, that the goddess Beltha having descended upon the earth, and taken possession of the shrine of beauty in Suleiman's harem, was suffering from the effects of a journey through the heavens, and was less brilliant than usual. In short, Effendi, the fair Zuleika was sick, and I was requested to attend her.

"I was an astrologer, Effendi, and had gazed on the beauty of many planets; but when I left the presence of that maiden, I felt no further pleasure in gazing on the heavenly bodies. I had seen the brightest of them, notwithstanding her beauty had been partially eclipsed.

"I was not long in attendance before I discovered that the seeds of the maiden's malady were sown in the deep soil of her bosom; and that the sickness sprung from the hebett al calb, the very grain of the heart.

"Had Enoch, the first astrologer, been present, or Sheik Daoud, the prince of physicians, they both would have been puzzled to have discovered a remedy to have cured her affection; she was in love, Effendi, and physic was *of no* avail. I told her I had consulted the

stars, (the beautiful ones of her eyes were twinkling on me as I spoke,) and had found out her disorder; and that the hour was a propitious one for reposing confidence in a hakkim.

"The patient did not appear to be of my opinion; I therefore abstained from pressing her to disclose her secret, and talked on indifferent subjects. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned the name of my friend Michelaki, whom I had come purposely to see; and expressed the concern I felt at hearing of his death: from that moment I possessed the confidence of my patient. I learned the particulars of my poor friend's fate, and the history of his son. I was informed that you were in El Masr, and I was charged with a commission, which I had hoped to execute in person; but, for the present, am unfortunately prevented from doing.

"I was directed to tell you, that your place had been long empty in the heart of your mistress; and that absence had done no injury to her love, however its grief might have impaired her health; that she was still attached to you,

by every tie which bound her to existence: that she knew you had not ceased to love her; and that you never would forget the vows of constancy she had so often heard from your lips.

"She bade me likewise inform you, that the affairs of her father had not been prosperous; that another Aga had been appointed in his stead, and that the harem was already breaking up; that Yussuf's mother was going to her son in Smyrna; and that she was to remain with her father for a little time, and then to go to El Masr, where a kinswoman of her's had offered her an asylum, when her father was no longer able to afford her one. And she added, that the hope of her existence was the prospect of beholding you, knowing, as she did, that you still loved her, and had given the property she possessed in your heart to no other woman.

"It was the last time I saw her, she bade me tell you these things. When I visited the khan a day later, I found all the servants in confusion; the Aga was invisible; but a Tartar had brought bad news from the capital. The successor of the governor was to arrive that

evening. I did not wait to see his entry into the village: the vessel I came in had taken in a cargo of wine at Tenedos, and was to sail next morning; so I quitted Bournarbashi, and arrived at Scanderia four days ago.

"I have thought fit to write you these things, lest my stay at El Masr should be longer than I thought. May the intelligence be pleasing to you! I pray Allah to guard your happiness in perpetuity; to preserve your constancy in the zenith of perfection, for the sake of that poor maiden, who pines for you in secret; and may the genius of Amiran one day or another shed his propitious light on both your heads, and make you happy!"

Mourad finished reading the last word of the letter: his eyes remained rivetted on the scroll as if its contents had transfixed his soul with anguish. For several minutes he gazed on the letter without moving a feature, or uttering a word: he manifested no emotion, but his breast was torn with remorse and sorrow.

A week ago that letter would have filled his breast with rapture; but now it occasioned nothing but regret. The flower he had long

gazed on with delight, whose beauty had been the food of his heart, whose fragrance had been the perfume which regaled his senses, was now placed within his grasp, but at too late a period. For when its possession had been impeded by an intervening space, he abandoned "the rose garden of Nishapor" for the banks of the stream where the blue water lily wantons in public, and courts the hand of every passenger.

CHAPTER XIV.

How many a fool has prospered in the world—how many a philosopher has died of disappointment!

THE LAMJA.

THE loss of self-esteem makes the profligate a bankrupt in principle. Mourad was now living in abject dependance on the woman he loathed—the last degree of degradation a man can submit to. Reflection became intolerable, and the society of his dissolute companions more than ever necessary to his existence. He was more intimately acquainted with Zadig than any of the others: he was a more refined debauchee, and was not destitute of all the good qualities to which his companions were strangers. He had often promised Mourad to recount his history to him, and one evening that his friend was

more than usually dejected, he thought the narrative he had promised might tend to divert his melancholy.

"From the beginning of the world," said Zadig, "children have been born and become men, have flourished to a certain age and then declined, and after a few years dotage, have died and been buried. This was precisely the history of my father. I am not acquainted with a single circumstance connected with his life worthy of relating, except that of his leaving me his blessing to begin the world with. It was a poor fitting out for a man embarking in life, and one, too, more remarkable for his indolence than his industry; but it was better than a fortune to me. I was successful in whatever I attempted; while my neighbours ran about the bazaars, and bustled through the streets to gain their bread, I took the world easy, walked leisurely through life, never suffered myself to be put out of the way by any untoward prospect, and yet my daily bread seemed to fall into my mouth without any exertion on my part. I verily believe it came *from* heaven. While the poor wretches round

me were toiling from morning till night for a miserable subsistence, I enjoyed my repose; and when I was weary of it, I turned my hand to business, and every thing I did prospered.

" My repugnance to bodily exertion induced me to make choice of various sedentary employments. I set out in life as a tailor. My master died before I was six months in his service, and as he had the reputation of dying poor, the servants and journeymen quitted the house, and even his wife did not think it worth while to make a lamentation over his remains. I sat on the shop-board, giving my fingers a holiday, and enjoying the silence that prevailed around me, interrupted only by the noise of the rats and mice beneath the boards I sat on. I thought I occasionally heard a sound like the jingling of money, as the rats ran backwards and forwards. I raised the planks, and to my great astonishment and delight, I found the treasure of the tailor deposited between the rafters, I lost no time in taking out the money, and replacing the boards; and as I did so, could not help thinking how fortunate it was that I was not a man of activity, who, on the death of one

master, would not have lost a moment in seeking employment with another.

"I had often envied the school-masters I had seen seated in the stalls of the bazaars, rocking their bodies all day long without moving from their places, except to flog the shrieking urchins around them.

"I set up a school—the brats told me I was mad. 'Who,' said they, 'will send their children to a stranger whom they know nothing about? How do you mean to get scholars? Have you any plan to make yourself known?' 'None in the world,' said I. 'God knows me, and that is quite sufficient. I mean to sit in my stall till it is filled with scholars, and Inshallah! that will happen before a fortnight.'

"My expectations were realized. In a little time I had more scholars than I could teach. I was obliged to divide the system of education into two branches—the teaching and the flogging departments. I reserved the former for myself: I hired a porter for the other. Every thing went on well with me till the house unluckily tumbled about my ears, and I was buried *in the ruins.* It was the most fortunate acci-

dent of my life. Before the awful crash, the wall had been seen giving way for several minutes, before it actually came down. My neighbours ran with terror in their looks to inform me of my danger: my urchins took to their heels, delighted beyond measure at the prospect of a holiday, while I sat deliberating on the urgency of the danger, preparing to make up my mind to walk out of the house; but before my resolution was formed, down came the roof about my ears, and for the first time in my life I felt somewhat disconcerted. A beam had luckily fallen transversely across the stall, and beneath this I lay without sustaining any injury. I heard the groans of a person near me. 'Who, in the name of Allah,' said I, 'groans so piteously?'

"'Oh!' replied the person who was addressed, 'for the sake of the nine wives of the prophet, help me to get out of these ruins. I am the rich widow who lives on the first-floor. I will give you half my fortune, if you only enable me to rise from the dust that is smothering me.'

"'Ah! my good woman,' said I, 'though

you had all the riches in the world, you are a poor woman, because you have no patience. Can you not wait quietly a few minutes till the neighbours dig us out? And if the dust is troublesome, had you only taken the precaution to have put on your amsak, you would not be incommoded, as you now are, by the rubbish.'

" The tranquillity of my tone encouraged the widow very much; but she still besought me to help her to rise, and in consideration of half the fortune she promised for my assistance, I thought I could not do less than have the humanity to drag her from the suffocating heap of ruins which encompassed her. She was a large woman, and it required almost superhuman exertions to disengage her from the mass of lath and plaister under which she lay. I had to put every muscle of my body in requisition, before I succeeded in getting her under the beam, where we both remained till an aperture was made over our heads, and we had the good fortune to escape.

" Any other man would have been ruined by this accident. My school was broken up—*the furniture* of my stall was demolished. Be-

fore ten days I was married to the widow, and before two years she died and left me all her money.

" I felt a strong inclination to become an Imam: it was a lazy life, and it was a genteel state of idleness. I turned my attention to the mosque, but I found I had to read ninety-nine commentaries on the first passage in the Koran. I felt my vocation did not lie that way.

" I had placed my money in the hands of a Jew banker—ill fortune to all his tribe!—the plague arrived from El Masr, my knave of a seraff was the first to catch it; he died, and left his affairs in a deranged state. The creditors ran to his house to seize on whatever they could lay their hands on. I staid at home; they had the trouble of seizing the effects, and got the plague for their pains; in three days time they were all in paradise.

" There is no profession requires a smaller capital than that of a hakkim; and none, perhaps, whose attainment demands a smaller outlay of intellect. Two qualities are essential to him—the first is impudence, the second is just so much knowledge of human nature as is suffi-

cient to humbug humanity. You need not stare at the assertion. Did you ever know a man of any modesty thrive in the profession? Did you ever hear of a patient who was so reasonable in infirmity as not to make deception incumbent on the hakkim, Staffer Allah?

"I set out for Damiat: a doctor is never esteemed in his own house; he has no reputation in his native city. I found an innumerable faculty in my new place of residence. A fool would have despaired of success, I was delighted with the prospect. Do hakkims, said I, congregate where there is no sickness? Do they swarm where there are no patients? I sought out the quarter of the town where the greatest number of physicians lived, and was lucky enough to find a house situated between two doctors' abodes. They were at war of course, so they had made various unsuccessful attempts to poison each other, but neither of them succeeded. Each endeavoured to induce me to espouse his quarrel; I affected to do so, and became the friend of both. One said, 'Ah! my dear colleague, your neighbour is a disgrace to the *faculty*; he knows nothing of his art; he says a

fever in the blood is a cold disorder, and professed to think so, because the first symptom of the malady is a fit of shivering. Does such a wretch deserve to live?'

"'Undoubtedly not,' replied I, 'the worst poison in your pharmacy is too good for so impious a physician.'

"I visited the other; he gave Allah thanks for affording him the acquaintance of so distinguished a disciple of Avicenna.

"'I pity you from my soul,' said he, 'to have such a knave for a next-door neighbour. Would you believe it possible? he actually asserts, that fever is a hot disease, and the only argument he can adduce in support of his opinion is, that, as a horse cannot gallop without being heated, the blood cannot course through the veins with the rapidity of a dromedary, without becoming *suknè kitir*, very very hot. Did you ever hear such an absurdity? Would to heaven the Cadi had the power of punishing a doctrine like this, which strikes at the root of all morality.'

"'I thought,' said I, 'the interests of medicine were all that suffered by its propagation;

but, no doubt, both are intimately connected, and it is impossible for a bad physician to be a moral man.'

"' Perfectly so,' replied the hakkim, ' why, therefore, should he be permitted to live, to the detriment of religion and humanity?'

"' Why, indeed, should he?' I exclaimed, ' on what fitter subject could the effects of a new remedy be tried; every physician is of necessity an experimentalist, and though the lower animals of the same species do not prey on one another, men do; and as for hakkims, they mangle one another without mercy.'

[Had Zadig been a giaour, he would not have been puzzled to have found out the *unde derivatur* of a doctor's title; he would have traced it of course to hack him.]

"My words," continued Zadig, "afforded the physician great comfort. He began to reflect, that doctors, as well as patients, are made of penetrable stuff, and that he might find the means of prescribing for his rival."

"' But tell me, my good friend,' said he, ' your opinion of fever; do you not coincide in *opinion* with me? You are, of course, aware,

that every doctor in Arabia and El Masr, from Abou Sina down to Sheik Daoud, has written a treatise on fever, and each has propounded a doctrine of his own. Some say the disorder is in the blood, others in the nerves; pray what part do you think is the seat of the disorder?'

"'If I must speak my mind on the subject,' said I, putting on one of my most solemn looks, 'I must declare I am unanimously of the opinion of both, and believe fever to be a nervous as well as a sanguineous malady.'

"I had generally found the medium, in conflicting opinions, the vantage ground in a discussion; I therefore made it the rule of my life to avoid extremes, and this is the secret of all my success. The doctor had never dreamed of a man siding with both the opponents in a dispute; he looked at me with surprise.

"'But tell me, I beseech you,' said he, 'what do you think of the nature of the disease? You surely cannot agree with both; it must either be hot, or it must be cold?'

"'On that point, my learned colleague,' said I, 'I do not coincide with either: it does not follow that a malady must be cold, because it is

not hot.—(The hakkim stared.)—No such thing. I believe the disease is neither one nor the other —I hold it to be—lukewarm.'

"The doctor was utterly confounded. I saw the rage of an outraged theorist swelling in his throat. He tried to be calm.

"'And the cure, Effendi!' he exclaimed, 'how, in the name of the prophet, blessed be his memory! do you accomplish that? There are but two classes of remedies, hot and cold. Tell me, by the soul of your father, which do you employ?'

"'I do not employ either of them,' I replied; 'I am nature's nurse tender, and not the slave of art.'

"'Why, then,' cried the doctor, 'do you call yourself a hakkim? if you administer no remedies, you can do no good to your patients.'

"'I do not try,' said I; 'my object is, to avoid doing harm; and I have the satisfaction to think, that no one can accuse me of killing my patients, as my only drugs are bread pills.'

"'Beard of Mahomet!' cried the hakkim, 'do you not let them die? and is it not all one whether *they go* to eternity on bread pills, or the most

approved prescriptions? But now that we have discussed the theory of fever, its seat, the nature of its symptoms, and its treatment, perhaps it would be as well to inquire, what is fever?"

"This was rather an important question, and my opponent thought it was a poser. I pushed my turban off my forehead; I took a draught of water; I gave a preparatory hem, and I delivered my sentiments on the subject in these words:—

"'What is fever!—I thank the apostle for you; for he of whom you have asked the question, has made the disease the study of his life; he has read every volume of the twenty thousand books which have been written on the subject; he has conversed with every doctor of eminence, who has observed the disorder; and if there be a physician in the universe capable of enlightening your mind on the topic you have started, I am he.'

"The hakkim cocked his ears; he put the hollow of his hand to the lobe of each, lest he should lose a sound. 'Know then, Effendi,' I exclaimed, 'that the question you propose is one which has puzzled the faculty for three

thousand years, and here, for the first time since the very beginning of the world, is it about to be solved.

"'A fever, Effendi, whatever the million of fools, who are called physicians, may say to the contrary, is nothing more nor less——'

"'Speak, for the love of Allah,' cried the hakkim, almost breathless with impatience.

"'Than a fever, Effendi,' I continued, 'you may take my word for the fact.'

"I heard a groan uttered as I concluded my definition; I did not wait to hear a second; I gathered up the skirts of my beneesh with great dignity, and quitted the house."

CHAPTER XV.

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform the antique round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

MACBETH.

ZADIG having refreshed himself with a cup of the sweet waters of Roknabad, continued his story.

"My friends, as usual, interfered with my projects. They said I was mad to sit down as a practitioner, between two physicians whom they were pleased to consider the two old stools between which the new comer was to fall. The stools gave way, but I contrived to keep my legs, and in a little time I had all the patients of both my

neighbours. I used no foul means to inveigle them from my rivals. On the contrary, when they hunted the coffee-houses daily for invalids, I staid at home; and though it was long before a patient came, and instead of getting a fee from the first, I was robbed of my watch, which happened to be on the divan, I still despaired not. I knew that the novelty of my doctrines must ultimately attract attention; and in order to give them more weight, I affected an eccentricity of manner, and a brusqueness of expression, which imposed wonderfully on the well-dressed rabble. My address was the very reverse of the common obsequiousness of the faculty. I was rough; nay, I was rude; and when I thought it necessary, I was brutal; and every body was delighted with my originality. The most delicate ladies in Damiat were charmed with the frankness of my demeanour; they talked of me—I made my fortune.

"Some evil star threw an Arnaout soldier in my path: he consulted me about a pain in his head. I told him not to bother me about his head, but to speak of his stomach. He knocked me down at my own door. I crawled into

my house as well as I was able, but he was at my heels. I intreated of him to go about his business, but he refused to budge till I remunerated him for the trouble he had had in chastising my insolence. I went with a heavy heart to my haznah, and took some bergoots from my money-bag. He snatched bag and all out of my grasp, and made off with his plunder.

"I had unfortunately walked all my life, and had never been guilty of so ungentlemanly an act as running. I therefore walked after the robber, calling out, 'Thieves! thieves! as I went along; but he was out of sight. I thought it useless to fatigue myself further. I returned to my habitation. I saw soldiers running in all directions. As I approached my dwelling, I beheld my neighbours flying before them, calling for mercy. An insurrection had broken out, the Delhi soldiers had mutinied for their pay, they had pillaged the district, and for three days the quarter I resided in was delivered up to their fury.

"The Pacha sent troops to repress the disorder, the Delhis were put down, but they were suffered to depart with their plunder. When I

entered my house, I found it completely gutted. I went to the governor's house to make my unavailing complaint, and the first soldier I beheld standing before the Aga was the very Arnaout who had stolen my money-bag.

" ' O, Effendi,' I exclaimed, ' a robber of the viceroy's subjects is standing in your presence; this man has robbed my haznah; search him, I beseech you, and if you find a bag containing gold on his person, with my name written on the outside of my sack, punish him, I beseech you, and give me back my substance.'

" A long discussion ensued--the man protested he had never before beheld me—he was ultimately searched, and my property restored, with the exception of a few mahmoudies.

" I had great reason to be thankful for not having pursued the robber, as another man would have done, and thereby recovered it. Had I done so, it now would have been in Barr al Cham.

" I lived in the most perfect state of earthly happiness for two years, that is to say, of perpetual repose, till my fortune was spent, and I was compelled to turn my thoughts to some

new occupation. My old one had become intolerable since the day I had been beaten by the Arnaout—that awful event had sickened me of the healing art.

"From medicine I turned my attention to magic—it was a natural transition—and I had every reason to believe that a man who had been successful in one science, was likely to flourish in the exercise of the other. Of the different sorts of magic practised by the Arabs, the Elm el kef pleased me most; and that sort of chiromancy which the serpent-eaters practise appearing to me to be attended with the least trouble in attaining the knowledge of, I made choice of it. I took lessons for a week from one of the professors, and at the expiration of that time, I was initiated into the mysteries of the sect of the Psylles. I attended their assembly, which was held in one of the ruins without the walls of the town. Their chief gave me an encouraging reception; he was dressed in a long white robe, painted over with the forms of snakes, and other venomous reptiles. Having deprived me of my outer garments, he addressed me on the sacred duties of the profession I had

the felicity to attain; but I never could learn what the sacred duties were, though I was threatened with all sorts of horrors if I dared to divulge them. The ceremony of my initiation terminated by the chief's spitting into my mouth, and ordering the feat of handling the serpents, and afterwards of eating them, to be performed before me. The leather bag containing the serpents was produced, the reptiles were taken out, and irritated with sharp points till they hissed, and coiled themselves round and round, and stood erect. I remembered the proverb, 'that a serpent which is covered with a skin needs no slippers for his feet.'

"The chief now approached one of the reptiles, and began to throw about his arms, and to distort his features, and to utter unintelligible expressions, in a wild, incoherent manner, till his body after a short time became violently agitated and convulsed. Then, in his pious fury, he seized hold of the serpent, whose gums had been previously beaten with a hammer, and caressed it, and suffered it to wind about his person, and then taking it in his hands, he commenced biting the animal, and tearing it with

his teeth. At length, exhausted with the violent convulsions he had thrown himself into, he sunk on the floor, and after a little time came to himself.

" The same ceremony was then gone through by two of my companions, and lastly by myself, but not before each of us demanded of the chief to breathe upon us; and when we were exhausted, we were only restored by another application of his breath.

" I forthwith provided myself with a bag of serpents, and commenced business on my own account. I had associated myself in trade with a Zinganee woman, who passed for the greatest serpent eater in Egypt; she had moreover the faculty of speaking with two voices, an endowment which I resolved to turn to a profitable account. I instructed her in the doctrines of the sect of the Munasahee, whose disciples believe in " the pilgrimage of souls." I informed her that many of the most learned men in the empire were Munasahees, and asserted, that when a man departs this life, his soul immediately enters the body of that beast whose nature resembles most the disposition of the

deceased. That the soul of a brave man was to animate the breast of a lion—that of a coward, the body of a hare—the spirit of a generous man, the breast of a horse—and that of a lascivious man, the form of a goat.

"I carried the pilgrimage of souls a step further; I taught the Zinganee to believe, or at least to affirm, that the spirit of the celebrated Sheik Abdallah had taken possession of her bosom, and had endowed her with the gift of prophecy. I was a partisan of the Beys who were at that period opposed to Mahommed Ali; and as the Mamalukes had many friends in the country, I thought it would be a profitable speculation to stir up the rabble to a revolt, by causing the Sheik Abdallah to vent his disaffection and discontent, through the lips of my little Zinganee.

"Having given her a lesson in the art of conjuring up the dead in a dark room, and practising ventriloquism at the same time, I set out with her on her prophetic mission, and in a little time the fame of the female saint was spread over the country. The Pacha at length *heard* of her wonderful prophecies, and he saw

through the drift of them. He repeatedly expressed a wish to have the supernatural woman brought before him, in order to consult the Shiek Abdallah on an affair of importance, but I took care to keep her out of his way. I feared, though all the people of El Masr were persuaded of the sanctity of the prophetess, that the sceptical viceroy had no faith in her mission. The event which I long feared at length happened—a chiaous conducted both of us to the citadel, where we were ushered into the presence of the Pacha, before a multitude of soldiers and attendants, who all firmly believed in the supernatural powers of my companion.

"'My good woman,' said the viceroy, addressing the prophetess, 'the fame of your superior sanctity has reached my ears; your reputation as a predictor of future events is well known to me. I would fain have a conference with you, and a conversation with the Sheik Abdallah, whose spirit I understand not only animates your breast, but whose body you have the power of raising from the dead, and of giving the touch of his five fingers to the awe-struck individual who consults you. I am

longing to hear the voice of this poor Sheik who is shut up in your stomach—give me some proof of your sacred character.'

"Not one of the attendants appeared to relish the profanity of the viceroy; and when he commanded her to stir up the Sheik, before he had the trouble of doing so with his sword, every countenance expressed the horror of its owner at the impiety of the Pacha.

"My poor Zinganee was so overcome with terror, that she was unable to speak. I trembled for the consequences; but I still had the presence of mind to step forward, and endeavoured to make the viceroy forgetful of his purpose, by addressing his highness, in the jargon of the magicians, on the impossibility of compelling a spirit to appear, without the necessary privacy, and preparatory abstinence, mortification, and watching, which was essential to the first degree of initiation in magic.

"'Is it so, friend?' replied the viceroy. 'You have probably yourself only gained the first step of knowledge: you look like a man who deserves to be promoted: I mean to qualify *you for* the last: for privacy, there is no place

like a dungeon; for abstinence, there is nothing to be compared to a jail allowance; for mortification, there is nothing to equal the bastinado; and as for watching, a mat on a stone floor is the most appropriate couch in the universe. Look to him, soldiers,' continued he, 'while I proceed to another chamber with this inspired woman.' He then bade her follow him, and left the room. When he got to the private chamber adjoining the divan, the poor Zinganee prepared for the awful performance she had to go through under such unpromising circumstances.

"'You must suffer me, Effendi,' said she, "to close the window-shutters, for it is only in utter darkness the spirits of an obscure world make their appearance upon this. Heaven grant that your highness will have the courage to encounter the terrific vision of the Sheik! Heaven grant that the appalling accents of the deceased Abdallah may not so horrify you as to deprive you of reason! And oh, Effendi! if it so happen that the spectres which sometimes attend on my familiar spirit, should arise from their reeking graves, and stand before you,

hideous corpses as they are, more horrible to the sight than the two livid angels who visit the sepulchres of the dead! for the sake of the apostle, Effendi, endeavour to support the sight with courage; and though the gibbering gouls dance round them as they rise, seize on their victims, and begin their foul banquet in your presence, still must you endeavour to look on with firmness; for some, Effendi, have gone mad with terror, and never recovered their wits after the appalling spectacle I presented to their eyes. Are you ready, Effendi, to undergo the trial?'

"'Proceed,' said the Pacha, 'I am quite ready: could you not allow a very little bit of the window-shutter to be left open. In utter darkness, as we now are, it will be impossible to behold these gouls and spectres which you speak of.

"'Fear not, Effendi,' replied the Zinganee; 'their flaming eyes will throw light enough around them.

"'Now, in the name of Enoch, the father of magic, and with the divine half of Golam Tohal, *the child* of Saturn, I call on Giafar, the master

spirit of the Nogioum el kef, to obey my bidding. Arise, Giafar, prince of magicians, from the seventh story of the abode of Eblis! come to me in the shape of the fiend of darkness, with the horrible star of the Acadtein on your forehead, with the head and tail of the infernal dragon on its disk! Arise, Giafar, in the name of the patriarch Suleiman, the father of the Edheemi, who conversed familiarly with the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the field; instantly appear, and by the power you possess over the dead, call forth the spirit of the Sheik Abdallah, whose dwelling is in the breast of the Zinganee.'

Whether the invocation of the demon was followed by the appearance of Giafar, or not, the Pacha was not suffered to ascertain; but the voice of Abdallah he heard distinctly calling on him by name, to listen to his words. It was a deep, hollow voice, whose sepulchral tones terrified even the stout heart of Mohammed Ali. 'Hearken to the words of the Sheik Abdallah,' were the first sounds it uttered; 'and if you are wise, despise not his warning. Beware of treachery! blood will have blood! the

cry of the murdered is not to be suppressed; even when your sword has drained his heart, his supplications to heaven are not to be restrained. Beware of treachery; for so sure as the hand of Abdallah is now placed on yours, in confirmation of his words, perfidy will one day place your soul in peril.

"The Pacha suddenly seized on the hand of the Sheik Abdallah: he called in the attendants; at the same time, the window-shutters were thrown open, and the hand of the trembling Zinganee was found in the Pacha's grasp.

"'Behold,' said he, as he dragged forth the impostor, 'the spirit of the Sheik Abdallah; behold the magician, whose fame is spread from one extremity of El Masr to the other: observe the confusion of the sorceress, who has had the ability to make fools of the greatest philosophers in my dominions. By the beard of the prophet, there is but one man in Egypt, who possesses a grain of common sense.

"'Soobagi, I say, 'bring the sack and a strong cord immediately; the sorceress shall have a bath, and a cold one it shall be; the *spirit* of the Sheik Abdallah is in no danger of

being drowned: if she be a magician, the woman can save herself; but if she be an impostor, so holy a man as the Sheik never suffered such a wretch to be the kebla of his soul's pilgrimage. Away with her, Soobagi; throw her into the river; on the peril of your life, see that it be done forthwith.'

"The sack was brought in; my poor companion was thrust into it before my eyes; the Soobagi lifted his burden on his shoulders; the suffocating shrieks of the poor girl rung in my ears; the motion of her struggling limbs was still visible, when she was carried out of the room; and in a few minutes, the poor Zinganee was at the bottom of the Nile.

"I was ordered to receive five hundred blows on the bare feet, and to be kept to hard labour in the powder mills for two years. My heart died away when I heard the latter part of the sentence. I petitioned for a remission of my punishment. 'By the glory of your house, Effendi,' I exclaimed, let me have a thousand lashes; but spare me the torture of the two years' labour.'

"'Kef,' said the viceroy, 'let him have his

pleasure; give him a thousand lashes, and let the marass go. What have you got there in that leather sack? Let us see the contents.'

"One of the servants took the bag off my shoulders; my serpents were exhibited, and the Pacha, who a minute ago seemed almost choked with rage, was now convulsed with laughter.

"Well, kelp of a juggler!' he exclaimed; let us have a proof of your skill; talk to your serpents, and tell me what they say of the fate of your companion.'

"I instantly commenced putting the most adroit of my reptiles to his evolutions. I caused it to wind round my arm till its head was close to my ear, and then I commenced our private conversation, which, of course, was not audible to those around us. After a little time, I informed his highness of the communication that the serpent had made to me.

"'Oh, most illustrious of princes,' said I, 'from the beginning of the world, the serpent has been the most sacred of animals. He was the favourite of Howa, amongst all the animals of the field: he was a god in the land which

now has the blessing of your government: in Ethiopia he was the emblem of eternity; in the country of the Roumi he was the effigy of health: amongst the people of the Yahoudi he was the object of idolatry: in all times he has been worshipped for his wisdom; and even now he has given a new proof of his sagacity. He says, there is one man in El Masr, who deserves to be called a Moslem; and that man is Mohammed Ali: and there was one woman who stood in his presence within this hour, and she deserved to die, because she was an impostor.

"'Wallah el nebi!' cried the Pacha; 'it is a brave serpent, and it speaks wisely: it would be a downright shame to bastinade the owner of so inspired a reptile. Go, kafir, and buy a new bag for it to dwell in.'

A hundred piastres were put into my hand, and I was thrust out of the palace.

CHAPTER XVI.

I mean to write a book in prose,
And print it too, as I propose,
In quarto, with a long description
Of things outlandish and Egyptian,
Concerning consuls; it shall be
Called "Dogberry's Grand Jubilee,"
Or "Man dressed in a little brief
Authority" run mad; each leaf
Shall have a sketch quite Asiatic,
In Cruikshank's manner most emphatic.

THE BARBARESQUE.

"I RETURNED to Damiat to disinter the wealth which had been collected by the industry of my poor companion; and the only consolation I had for her loss was the reflexion that the dissolution of our partnership was followed by no division of the profits—I pocketed all.

"During my residence in El Masr, having associated much with the dissolute infidels of *that* place, I picked up a tolerable knowledge

of Italian, which I now resolved to turn to account. The Levantine rayahs, you are aware, are the consuls for the Christian nations in Damiat. The one who represented the French was in want of a dragoman, and he was in want of money, and he was very willing to give the office to a man who had a dozen purses to lend him. I became a dragoman, and in a little time I was plunged in a labyrinth of intrigue and jealousy, such as I never heard, read, or dreamt of, before I became an interpreter to a Christian consul. There were four giaours of them, English, French, Austrian, and Russian; they were all at war, and would have willingly cut the throats of one another, to have shown their respect for their different bandieras. The consul who had most flags on his house top, had the most honour; a consul of three flags took precedence of one who had only two; and he who had only one, moved heaven and earth together, to purchase a new bandierae.

"The warfare of the four great powers kept the unfortunate governor in perpetual perplexity; the animosity between the French and

the English had been the most violent of all, and the most fatal in its consequences.

"At the period of my entering into the service of the French, my master had just lost his Levantine secretary, who was supposed to have been poisoned by the Greek who filled the office of grammatikos to the English.

"My predecessor was in prison for splitting open the head of the Janissary of our antagonist; in short, the servants were so involved in the quarrels of their masters, that it was impossible, in any part of the Turkish empire, to have had a livelier sentiment of the insecurity of human life.

"A few days after my commencing the duties of my office, I was summoned to the divan of the consul. I found all his kinsmen and "subjects" collected round him, with looks of such importance, that I had very little doubt but that the news of a revolution had arrived, or that a war was on the eve of breaking out between the sultan and the infidels.

"'Yes,' said the consul, as I entered the room, in a slow and solemn voice, 'to-morrow

will be a day the most eventful that ever dawned on the interests of our bandiera: to-morrow will decide the important question, whether the snow-white flag of France, or the detestable jack of Britain, is to triumph in Damiat; to-morrow, my friends and subjects, will settle the awful question of precedence between France and England, at the divan of the governor.

"'Come forward, Zadig,' he continued, 'and give your opinion on this momentous subject; much will depend on you. Were it only possible for you to keep the grammatikos out of the way, during the ceremony, our success would be certain. You must know, Zadig, that the Russian consul (confusion to his flag!) has lately purchased a new bandiera from the consul general of Spain, who represents his nation in Scanderia; and to-morrow is the day for reading the firman in the presence of the governor; for firing the one-and-twenty guns, and dressing the flag staffs of the different consulates. We are all to assemble at the governor's divan at noon; and the grand question to be decided is, which of us is entitled to the

highest place on the divan. Hitherto our arch enemy of England has managed to take the upper seat on every public occasion; he had six flag staffs on his house. I was but a consul of five nations, and was forced to yield the place of honour to him of Britain; but, thank heaven! I have succeeded in purchasing the pope's flag, so that I am now on a parr with my antagonist; and when we assemble to-morrow at the door of the governor, he whose friends muster strongest—he whose dragoman is the most subtle—he whose Janissary is the most audacious, —and lastly, he whose gold is most liberally lavished amongs the servants of the Aga, is the consul who is destined to carry the day, and to take the upper seat. That devil of a grammatikos is the opponent I most dread; that he poisoned my secretary, I verily believe; and that he would endeavour to do as much for you, I am sadly afraid; God grant I may be mistaken; but if it were possible by any means to get rid of his annoyance, it would be a great blessing. How long, pray, my friend Zadig, did you tell me you had practised medicine? *It is a great* pity we have no skilful doctors in

Damiat. Have you relinquished your profession altogether?'

"'Not altogether, Effendi,' said I; 'if a patient do stumble in my way, if it were only out of humanity, I cannot refuse to prescribe for him. This grammatikos is not sick, therefore there is no possibility of physicking him. A Greek, Effendi, is the most cautious sick man of all the sons of men; he hates physic, but he loves money; and a bribe is an argument which he is unable to resist Did it never occur to you, Effendi, to try to get this fellow to betray his master; or, if you did make the attempt, are you sure you offered enough to come up to his price?'

"'It is a noble thought,' exclaimed the consul; 'it never entered my head to make the attempt you speak of; but if you think five hundred piastres would do any good with the villain, they are at your disposal.'

"'Make the five hundred a thousand,' said I, 'and I will undertake to purchase all the souls of the whole tribe of the grammatikos.'

"'Be it so,' replied the consul; 'I leave the matter to your management; but remember, I

conjure you, that the honour and happiness of my existence depend on the result.'

"I lost no time in informing myself of the haunts of the grammatikos; I found him in a wine shop, in the neighbourhood of his master's house. My person was luckily unknown to him, so that I had an opportunity of entering into conversation with him without exciting a prejudice against me at the very outset of my attack.

"'There will be great fantasia in the town, to-morrow, howadgi,' said I; 'do you mean to be present at the reading of the firman at the divan? As usual, I suppose, there will be a scramble among the dogs for the first bone; which do you think is likely to get it?'

"'God knows best,' said the Greek; 'my master ought to get it; and if it be not for the new dragoman of the enemy, who I understand is a more determined and troublesome knave than his predecessor, we should be sure of victory.'

"'Is there no means,' said I, 'of bribing the fellow, if his opposition cannot be otherwise *disposed of*? I think I would undertake for

a thousand piastres, to buy him over to your master.'

"'Hang him,' replied the grammatikos; a thousand piastres indeed—a thousand grains of poison rather, for the kafir.'

"'Ten, Effendi,' replied I, 'might answer all the purpose. I wonder what he would say to you were he to hear your kind intentions towards him? I will tell you what his words would be: grammatikos, he would say, you and I are strangers to each other; we have had no quarrel —we have no flags to fight for—no bandieras of our own to brawl about. We are the dogs of two unbelieving masters, and it is the height of folly for us to worry one another in the porch, because our owners happen to be at war. It is downright stupidity to be spoiling our tempers and murdering our peace, because our masters are continually squabbling. Better is it, my friend, to turn their bickerings to our profit. For example, to-morrow they are preparing for a mortal conflict, and the matter in dispute is a ridiculous point of etiquette. They both confide the management of their intrigues to us—they know there is no perfidy to be planned

that must not be executed by us. Suppose I were to persuade my master that a thousand piastres would be sure to buy you over to his interest, and that you were to do the same, in my regard, we might pocket the bribe, and then sell our joint influence with the Aga and his people, to the Austrian consul, and divide a thousand piastres more between us. And when our French and English masters are struggling in the anti-chamber, for the honour of the first entry, let the Austrian slip in between them and terminate the dispute.'

"'A beautiful thought,' exclaimed the Greek, crossing himself devoutly, 'by the intercession of the Pania, the preserver; by Saint Simon, the seaman; by St. George, the rider upon sea and land; and by St. Nicolo, the wonder-worker, this is an exquisite stratagem; would to the Madonna that the dragoman of our adversary had the grace to think or speak as you do.'

"'Set your heart at peace, my friend,' replied I; 'I am the man you talked of poisoning just now; I am the dragoman of the French consul. Here are a thousand piastres, which *my master* has sent to bribe you; you ought to

have no difficulty in procuring as many from your employer; and if you are at leisure, you will lose no time in seeking an interview with our brother of Austria, and if we only act to one another like honest interpreters, we shall be able to betray the interests of our masters with great advantage to ourselves.'

"The grammatikos was a very reasonable sort of man. In the course of half an hour we understood each other perfectly.

"We succeeded with the Austrian, and we returned to our respective masters. I persuaded mine that I had gained over the enemy, the grammatikos did as much with his, and both the poor consuls went to bed in sweet security, and dreamt of the triumph, of which they no longer had a doubt, till morning.

"The awful hour at length arrived for attending the divan of the governor. My consul was dressed in a new suit of Levantine apparel, splendid beyond any king I had ever seen; but, instead of a turban, he wore a three-cocked hat, of extraordinary dimensions, a privilege which no rayah, except a consular one, is allowed. You cannot imagine how ridiculous he looked;

he was neither like a Frangi nor a Levantine. His vice-consul, a poor wretch, who had famine in his looks, was deprived of his tattered djebee and sherwals, and attired in a grenadier's coat, and a naval officer's hat, and had a sword of inordinate length dangling between his legs, which threatened to lay him prostrate every moment. I followed next, then came the janissary, and lastly, the subjects and relations of the great man.

"The procession of the representative of England was somewhat similar; but, if possible, more grotesque.

"From his consulate to the divan of the Aga was hardly twenty paces distance, yet the consul, and five of his friends, who were typical of his five bandieras, arrived on horseback, and were followed by a terrible multitude of Ionian and Maltese sailors, who shouted at every step, 'Long live the English consul! a thousand years' happiness to the consul of five nations!'

"We had no sailors to shout for us, and this gave a great preponderance in public opinion to our adversary.

"*The* other consuls arrived without any

acclamations. The gallery leading to the ante-chamber was the important pass which, being too narrow to allow two persons to walk a-breast, gave a decided advantage to the party stationed next the door.

When the English consul alighted, he was detained for several minutes at the door by a host of Levantines, who thronged round him to kiss his hand, and to manifest the high respect they entertained for his person. This delay gave us time to ascend the stairs, but we had not reached the landing, when the English consul and his followers rushed up after us, and in their endeavours to get before us, they completely blocked up the narrow passage.

"I had leisure to observe the singular costume of the consul of six nations, as he was pre-eminently called; it was the strangest attire I ever beheld. The consular uniform of the representative of England's majesty consisted of a scarlet coat, with an enormous pair of epaulets, manufactured under the consul's immediate eye. The coat, I was informed, was such as huntsmen wear in England, and had been sent out to

the poor consul by some wag of a traveller, who had described it as a field-officer's uniform. His pantaloons were of sky blue cloth, fitted closely to the legs, and braided up the seams with gold lace. Like his rival, he sported a cocked hat, but his was surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers, which waved at least two feet above the head of the little person of the consul. A broad sword was girded round his loins, and a large pair of English pistols were peeping from the side pockets of his coat.

"The grammatikos was dressed like a Frangi, that is to say, he wore a small brimmed hat, beneath which his bushy locks fell over his shoulders in great profusion. His long-tailed coat had an extraordinary effect, when observed in conjunction with a pair of wide Turkish trowsers; being the only part of his original costume which he still retained.

"A Maltese captain had furnished him with a cutlass, which he assured him was the same as the officers in Malta wore at court; and, altogether, he made a better figure than the vice-consul himself, who was accoutred in an Ame-

rican uniform, which he had procured in Scanderia, from a vessel of war of the United States.

"There could not have been less than from eighty to a hundred persons crowded together in the passage leading to the divan, obstructing the way altogether, by their endeavours to precede each other. The rival consuls did not fail to regard each other with looks of deadly animosity, while they remained blocked up in the entrance. The servants and followers of both, manifested their hate by less equivocal signs of enmity; they elbowed, jostled, and even spat upon one another; and when the chiaous of the Aga came at last to endeavour to force an entrance, a scuffle ensued, in which the belligerents were prevented by their proximity from dealing any mortal blows, but they clawed one another's faces in a pitiable manner; and the unfortunate representatives of the four great nations came in for their share of the violence, both of their adherents and antagonists. Some malevolent knave contrived to extricate his arm, and deal such a blow on the three-cornered cocked hat of my poor master, as completely buried his face in the crown.

"Our vice-consul's coat was ripped up the back the whole length of the seam; I saw the grammatikos tugging at one skirt of it, and his janissary at the other pulling in an opposite direction, till it was entirely slit up. For my part, I kept my eyes on the gold epaulets of the English consul all the time of the scuffle; and when I had an opportunity, I made a desperate pull at one of them, but unfortunately, the tailor had stitched it so firmly, that I found it impossible to tear it off; but I still kept my hold, and I found it drawing out to an interminable length as I dragged it, till at last the shreds were several feet long; and despairing to overcome their tenacity, I relinquished my grasp. I made a fruitless attempt on the other, but it was attended with the same result.

"I was so enraged at my disappointment, that I took my snuff-box from my bosom, and flung the contents in the eyes of the consul and his people. This was a master-stroke of policy; the enemy was completely blinded. I gave a wink at the grammatikos, to discharge another boxful in the face of my party. My poor *master* did not require it, for his face was

still buried in his cocked hat; so that we had now no difficulty in thrusting forward the heavy body of Austria into the divan. One wedge or two taken out of the dense multitude, enabled the mass to move onward; and in a few minutes they were all thrown into the presence of the governor, in a state of terrible disorder.

"I endeavoured to disengage the head of my consul from the tight crown of his beaver; but in the attempt, the point of his nose got entangled in the lining, and it was only by a gentle rotatory motion, that I succeeded in disembarrassing him at last. The grammatikos was employed in throwing water in the eyes of Great Britain; while our janissary was endeavouring to keep the two portions of the vice-consul's coat in apposition.

"When something like order was restored, the two rival consuls pressed forward towards the divan; but the bone of contention was picked up. There sat Austria in the place of honour, as tranquilly as if nothing had happened; while the astonished rivals looked daggers at the usurper, and at one another, and then took their places on the divan. They

endeavoured to restore the dignity of their looks, and the decorous disposition of their garments, but it was a vain attempt. Even the grave Aga did violence to his features, and smiled at the ridiculous appearance of the infidels.

"After the firman was read, and the consul was felicitated on his acquisition of a new bandiera by every individual present, from the governor down to the last soldier, each of whom expected to be paid for his congratulation, the Aga ordered the second cup of coffee to be presented to the guests, an act which was equivalent to a general dismissal.

"The consuls took the hint: after being overpowered with expressions of friendship and affection for their respective nations, they took their leave. As we left the door, the English functionary mounted his horse, and came galloping in the direction we were going. The street was exceedingly dirty, and in that part where we had drawn up to let the horsemen pass us, the puddle was ankle deep. When the insolent cavalier got close abreast of us, he set his horse curvetting in the mud, till my master and his *cortegē* were splashed all over in a most pitiable

manner. He then galloped away, leaving us to shower maledictions on him and his six nations.

"We returned home. Every clerk in the cancellerria was set to work to write depositions of the outrage committed on the consul. Four-and-twenty were duly sworn to and attested, touching the insult the French nation had sustained at the hands of England, and magnifying the splashing affair into a deliberate pelting, not only of the consul, but even of the bandiera. On that one point I had to procure no less than nineteen perjuries, and after making protests and counter-protests, statements and counter-statements for six months, the cause came on before the consul-general in Scanderia, and our adversary finally triumphed.

"All this time the grammatikos and myself were enriching ourselves at the expense of our masters. Every day there was somebody to be bribed, or some falsehood to be sworn to, and there was nothing to be done without money; and as it passed through our hands, our palms became like sponges, parting by drops with what we imbibed by seas.

"After pocketing twenty thousand piastres,

I grew tired of the diplomacy in Damiat. I laughed in my sleeve, like every other Moslem in Egypt, at the consuls, their squabbles and intrigues; and, bidding adieu to my master, I set myself down in Scanderia.

"I heard nothing more of the grammatikos for several months; I presumed he was accomplishing the ruin of his master by slow and certain steps, and I was not deceived. He had very nearly completed that object, when he had the misfortune to be taken up for coining base money; and was sent to El Masr, where he was subsequently hanged.

"Since I gave up the diplomatic line, I have lived on my fortune—it will support me in idleness, with proper management, for ten years to come; and if I live to see the last paras of it, I will sit down as becomes a child of Islam, and wait with patience, till it pleases Providence to send me my raz rallah, my daily bread; and if it comes a day later than I expected, I will not repine; I will say, like a good Moslem—I have been rich, and am now poor! Allah karim! I had bread yesterday, and *have* none to-day! Allah karim! I had friends

when I did not want them, and I have none when I am in need of them! God is most clement! Allah karim!"

With these words, Zadig concluded his story: Mourad had been napping during a great portion of it; and when he heard the last sentence, he gave thanks to the apostle for endowing his breast with patience; and returned to his wife's abode.

CHAPTER XVI.

I have not presumed to recommend one receipt, that I have not previously and repeatedly proved in my own kitchen.

THE COOK'S ORACLE.

IT was some days since Mourad had been at Miriam's. He had numberless occupations to plead for his absence; but none were likely to be received on the festival of her patron saint; a day which is generally devoted by an Armenian woman to every sort of fantasia, but more especially to the enjoyment of eating and drinking!

Armenian ladies are very generally of Doctor Johnson's opinion, that one who does not mind the stomach, will hardly mind any thing else. No women are fonder of the enjoyments of the *table* than they are. An Armenian soirée is

little more than an academy of gastronomes, where neither the merits of novels nor millinery are discussed; but where the excellence of a kid stuffed with chesnuts, a wild boar seasoned with mint and honey, and such other delicate dishes, form the interesting topic of conversation.

Grisnod de la Reyniere, who gave the world the multifarious almanack des Gormands, or the great Gonthier, who, in less than ten years, invented seven culisses, nine ragouts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups, cannot for a moment stand a comparison with a Levantine artisté in the multiplicity of her dishes. Every lady is duly instructed in the culinary department at an early age. La science de la gueule is her first study; but it is only when she becomes a matron, that the theory of the art is reduced to practice, and that the magnificent scale of her beauty becomes the envy of all the Turkish women in her neighbourhood.

The beauty of an Armenian lady is of a most terrestrial character, solid, substantial beauty, sicklied o'er by no pale cast of thought, nor spoiled by any air of sentiment, nor rendered

too puerile by any sportive sun-beam of romance—nothing of the sort. There are neither sylphs nor seraphs amongst them; they are all full grown cherubs, like the Cavalier Bernini's at the entrance to Saint Peter's—emblems of mortality, chubby and inanimate.

Miriam's tutelary saint was the mother of St. George. Whether the avocation of the son of her patroness had any thing to do with her choice, is not quite certain; but it is probable enough, that the saint having been a butcher in his youth, the same circumstance which made him the patron of a land of beef-steaks, caused his mother to be revered in a country of kibabs.

It was on the festival of the latter, that Miriam put all her stew-pans in requisition, and superintended the cooking of a dinner which would have done honour to any artisté, from the days of Patroclus, who dressed his own olla potrida, to those of Catherine di Medici, who, history informs us, "recovered sauces from oblivion which had been lost for ages."

Mourad and his fair lady sat down to a din-

ner, which might have served in France for a table of fifty covers. But the quantity of onion and garlic which prevailed in the viands, would have sufficed Beauvilliers for ten repasts. Miriam was not at all of the opinion that the dispensation of garlic in the hands of the cook is a matter of the nicest judgment; that garlic in the hands of a cook is like Prussic acid in the hands of a doctor, and becomes a poison or a panacea, according to the skill with which it is administered. On the contrary, she thought too much garlic could not be employed; and as she loved its flavour, she had no idea of another person having an objection to its excess.

Mourad, at the commencement of the dinner, was silent and sombre. He not only thought it beneath the dignity of a man to sit at the same table with a woman, but considered the refinement of Levantine cookery "did rather mar than make good meat."

But it is impossible for any length of time to withstand the enlivening influence of a rich repast; to see dish after dish set down and removed with delightful rapidity, without feel-

ing the excitement of sociality stealing over one's spirit; so that by the time the thirty-first course was set down, the Effendi felt a little less triste than when he spread the embroidered napkin over his knees. Miriam was more than usually agreeable. She picked out the choicest bits with her own fair fingers, and placed them before her lord. She filled up the interval between each remove, with the most spirited observations on the excellence of the various dishes; and the delicacy of her sentiments, on every subject connected with the business of the table, was frequently manifested.

"Ah, Mourad," said she, as she buried her beautiful fingers in a kid stuffed with chesnuts; "what a pleasing recreation is a good repast; it is the paradise of all the senses; the eye is delighted with the exquisite hue of a saffron-coloured pilau; the palate is feasted with sauces so judiciously blended, that the honey is lost in the vinegar, and the garlic is overwhelmed in the richly-flavoured oil of the Sesame; the smell is regaled with the fragrant odour of kibabs and stewed onions; while the ear is

ravished with the soul-melting sounds of the hissing joints, as they are brought from the oven."

If the pleasure of life consists in a rapid succession of enjoyments, Miriam must have been entirely content; the senses were given to be gratified, and she allowed them to suffer no privations; and if Mourad was unreasonable enough to imagine that she was more indulgent to them than became a delicate lady, it was, probably, because he had never heard that such an infidel as Jean Jacques Rousseau had existed, and had described his heroine as a gourmande, in order to render her the most fascinating of her sex.

When the last dish was removed, the amiable Miriam wiped her fingers in her embroidered napkin, and thanked the Madonna for having made a good dinner. The repast was finished with the customary concluding draught of cold water; and the mistress of the house having at length arisen, Mourad followed her example, and both took their places on the divan.

The ceremony of ablution being performed, pipes and coffee were brought in. Mourad,

after smoking a little, relapsed into his melancholy mood; he answered the questions of his spouse by monosyllables, then by nods; and finally turned his face in the direction of the door, and smoked his chibouque, without regarding the lady who sat by him. This was exceedingly unpolite, and Miriam felt that it was so.

"Effendi," said she, "you did not turn your back on my dinner; therefore I trust you will give me the pleasure of your regards while you remain. It is not often I have the felicity of seeing you of late, and when I have that happiness, you are too much occupied with your reflections, to give me any of your attention."

"I did not turn my back on you," said Mourad; "I was occupied with some reflections of a painful nature; but they are past, and I will endeavour to be more cheerful."

"If it be a troublesome endeavour, Effendi," replied the lady, somewhat piqued at his answer, "do not give yourself the fatigue of making it."

"I did not say it would be a troublesome

endeavour," said Mourad; "but if you choose to misinterpret my words, I cannot help it."

"You do not mean to quarrel with me, I hope, on my saint's festival," retorted Miriam; "you have not come to my house, I trust, on a day of rejoicing, to throw a gloom over my heart."

"It is your own doing," cried Mourad; "I did not want to quarrel with you, but you want to force me to do so."

"I do not!" exclaimed the lady.

"You do!" cried the Effendi.

"'Tis false!" vociferated Miriam.

"You are a fool!" said Mourad.

This was the climax of rage with both.

The mother of Saint George was greeted, on her feast day, with a fray of domestic strife, surpassing in fury, any that had yet occurred between this amiable couple. Like all domestic broils, it commenced with a gentle breeze—it blew into a gale—it became a tempest—thunder and lightning followed, and then there was a pause—some rain drops tumbled, and all was calm as ever.

"You should not use me thus, Mourad,"

said the lady, wiping her eyes as she spoke; "you know how much I love you, and when you speak to me in this way, it breaks my heart! I am sure I will not be able to eat a morsel of dinner for a week to come."

Mourad thought the camels suffered nothing from their abstinence, when they laid in a stock of provisions for as long a period.

"Indeed, Mourad," she continued, "I am unequal to these scenes. My nerves are too debilitated, my health too delicate, to bear up against the shock. It goes to my very soul to see you stamping like a madman on the floor, and rolling your eyes about as if you were bent on murder. For the sake of your mother's soul, use me with more gentleness; I cannot bear brawling in my harem, and what is more, my dear Mourad, I will not."

The breeze was again about to freshen. Mourad pricked up his ears at the sound of the last "I will not."

"What!" he exclaimed, "is this language to hold to a man; do you take me for a dog, a slave, a servant? You will not, indeed! Mashallah; these are fine words!"

"The last time you were here, Mourad," replied the wife, "I forgot to give you a few hundred piastres you asked me; pray take this purse, and don't elevate your voice; you will find five hundred piastres in it."

"I am sure," replied Mourad, in a tone of great mildness, "I never elevated my voice; why should I, when you talk to me like a reasonable woman? I would be the most ungrateful of men to give you offence. Min allah, God forbid! I always had too much respect for you. Have I not always told you I loved you?—you cannot deny I did so. Have I not always mentioned your name with affectionate kindness?—you cannot contradict me. Are you not convinced that I have always been the truest and best of husbands to you? I know you are, therefore let us have no more of these unpleasant differences. You have no reason to doubt my love. You know you have not, therefore I trust you will not speak to me so unkindly as you have done. Could you not make these five hundred a thousand, my dear eyes—my darling soul—my sweet yahnooni—my little yahabibi."

"Ah! Mourad," replied the widow, "who

can refuse you any thing, when you talk like a man of sense: why do you not always talk rationally, in this manner? Here, my heart's flame, take these other five hundred, for the sake of Allah; spend them properly. Beware of the dancers with the rings in their noses; take heed of the almes, I beseech you."

Mourad said he was not a fool, he knew how to take care of his money, and he wanted no advice; and what was more, he would listen to none; and with this agreeable intimation he quitted the house, leaving poor Miriam to reflect on her folly.

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